JOHN BULL, JUNE 29, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1515.

FAMILY WORLD CRUISE FORTUNE AND PENSION OFFERED ON PAGES 38 & 39

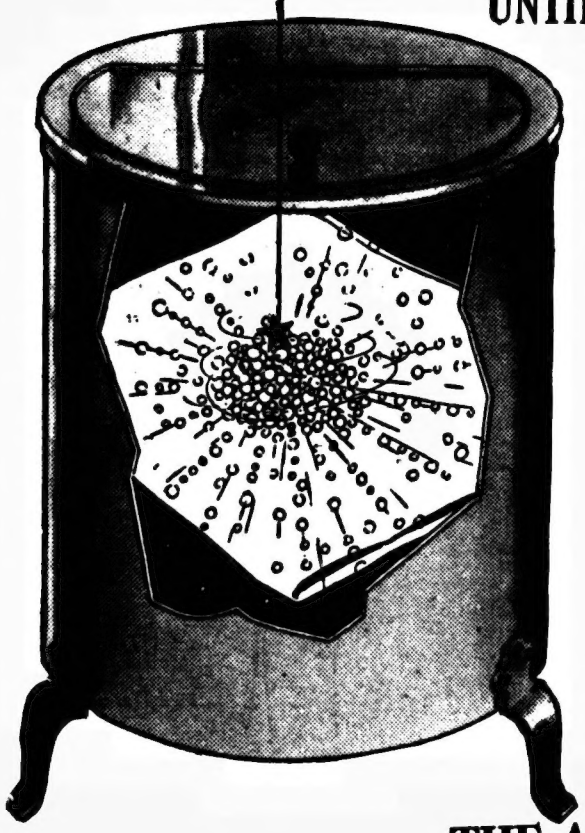
JOHN BULL

Persil soapsuds actually seek out dirt or stain . . .

instantly

they're on the job with active oxygen!

THE OXYGEN IS BOUND TO KEEP ON *PURIFYING* UNTIL ALL DIRT VANISHES



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Result of Crossword Competition No. 239

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:

H. SMITH, 34, Aston Road, Aston, Herts,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a Life Pension of 30s. a week, £300 in cash, and a £50 Holiday Prize annually, or one lump sum of £800.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 9th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

The Award of £150 to Runners-up has been divided between 5 competitors, who will each receive £18 15s. Bargain Awards were won by 80 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

Turn to page 30. Life Pension of 30s. a week, £300 in cash, and a £50 holiday prize yearly for life, or £800 cash, must be won this week.

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"Yes, and it's great fun—I'm glad I started. I'm quite proud to be a 'Worldwide' Club Organiser—Mrs. Jones got a lovely coat for £1 and couldn't thank me enough—not bad, you know—1/- a week and warehouse prices." "Yes, I heard Jack got his commission and a profit-sharing cheque yesterday—he's quite enthusiastic."

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 29/6/35

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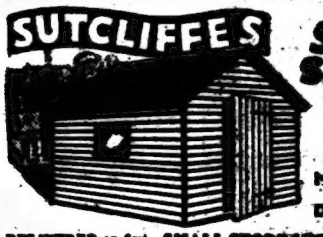

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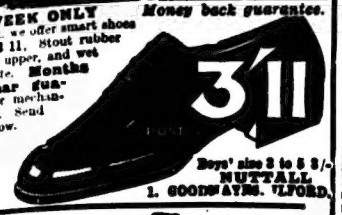

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75 MAGNIFICENT GARMENTS (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc.

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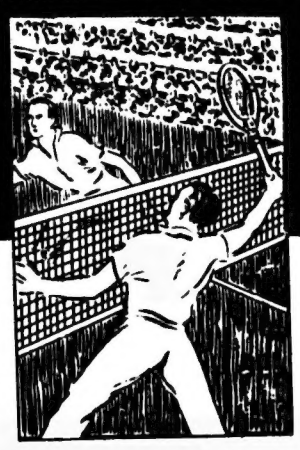

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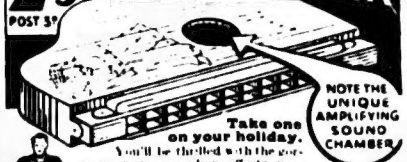

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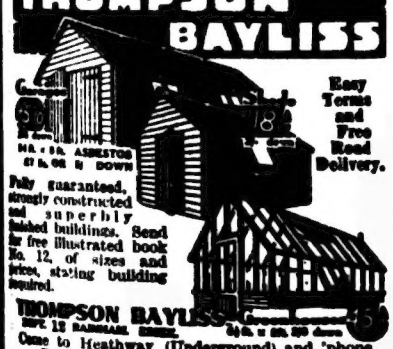

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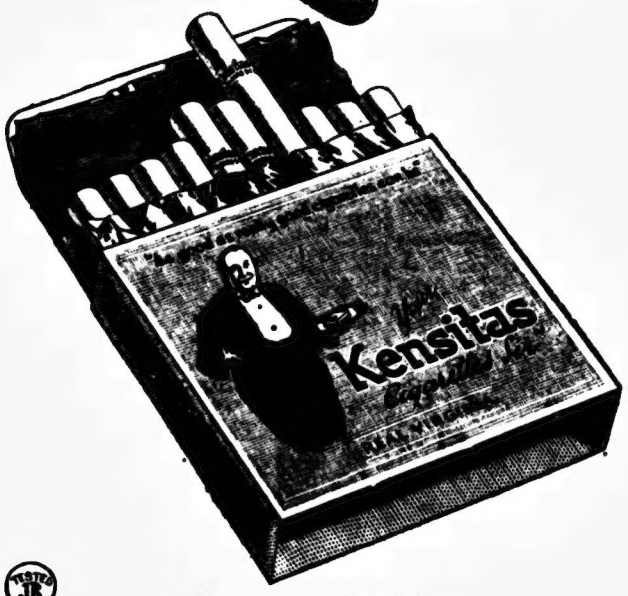
Here you see a well-known tennis-tigress—a typical two-fisted, go-getting she-woman—declining to pose for the Press in eleven different positions, on the very reasonable ground that she would prefer a Kensitas. (On being asked how many Kensitas she smoked per diem, the lady wittily replied: "Oh, 15-30.") One applauds such sturdy common-sense. To a sensitive woman mass-photography is an ordeal that tends to set the pulses throbbing like tom-toms. A Kensitas has just the opposite effect, and so can be smoked with enjoyment before, after and even during the fiercest athletic contest.

K. R. G. Browne



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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY

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Without Fear or Favour

The CRY of the CHILDREN

WE should be the last to deny the good intentions that have led to the closing of several London streets to traffic, and their classification as "play streets" for children. There is one overwhelmingly good reason for this decision—that it will save the lives of a number of young boys and girls. Such a reason is a sufficient defence for almost any action.

But while we admit this, we must also insist that this is no more than a stopgap remedy. As a temporary measure, it is permissible: as a solution of the problem, it will not do.

Play streets have already been tried in several northern cities: if their adoption in London is the first step to their becoming universal, then it is necessary to put a check to the movement forthwith.

"Play streets" are no substitute for open spaces and parks. They are wholly unsuitable for children, and they are a strain on the nerves and good temper of the inhabitants.

The tenants of the streets themselves do not complain. Articles have, it is true, appeared in part of the Press suggesting that they are indignant over the noise and over trade they are supposed to have lost.

FROM enquiries that we have made, we are able to state that these rumours are unfounded. The overwhelming sentiment in these streets is relief that the children are out of danger. We find, as we expected, that the human feelings of the parents in these streets outweigh any other considerations.

Let us quote the statement of a young mother in Woodchester Street, Paddington, one of the new play streets in London:

"It's a great relief to everyone here. We never used to hear those great vans thundering down the street without our hearts jumping into our mouths. We've had children killed in this street, and that's not a thing you forget. But, do what you would, you couldn't stop the kids rushing about recklessly. It doesn't matter if the traffic does have to go round by the main roads. Better that than the other thing."

Or again, on the business side, here is the statement of the proprietor of a sweet and tobacco shop:

"There's been no business turned away that I know of. Any car or van that's got business here can come into the street as before. As a matter of fact, the through traffic was no use to us: rather, you might say it was a nuisance. The heavy lorries shook the houses most unpleasantly as they went through, and I don't really think the kids make much more noise than they did. There may have been complaints made about the children, though I've heard none. There are crabby and irritable people in every street, and this is no exception. But there's nearly three hundred children in this street alone, and what's a bit of noise compared with knowing that they're safe?"

But the kindheartedness and unselfishness of the people who live in the play streets is no excuse for the rest of us exploiting them.

Children from twenty streets around congregate in one play street. The noise is continuous. Even this week, when the schools are open, it has been deafening.

Nor should children be expected to play scrabbling in gutters and hanging on to area railings: they are entitled to playgrounds with swings and seesaws, to cricket pitches and football grounds.

WE do not suggest that the streets which have been closed to traffic should be reopened forthwith. An inspection of a number of them shows that they are small streets, which were not, in fact, of very great use for traffic. They have, we agree, been well selected.

We agree, too, with the London County Council's excellent innovation of throwing open in the evenings elementary school playgrounds, where the children can play under the supervision of games leaders.

Thirty-nine of these have been opened in the last few weeks, and flood-lighting may be introduced for the winter months.

This strikes us as being one better than the play-street idea, and one that could be quickly applied throughout the country with a minimum of inconvenience.

But, even so, both play streets and school playgrounds are an inadequate substitute for the grassy open spaces the children should have. In some districts these open spaces might have to be purchased, but in many cases they are there already and are not used.

In Mecklenburgh Square, south of King's Cross, our representative saw the street—unscheduled as yet—full of children playing recklessly under the wheels of the traffic, outside the locked gates of the Square gardens.

INSIDE there was exactly one nursemaid, escorting a meek and lonely looking little girl up and down the paths.

In Soho Square, near to the crowded streets off Tottenham Court Road, the gates are not locked, but an official notice forbids entry to any but the leaseholders of the Square.

There are many other such squares in London, many of them scarcely used. We suggest that, as an emergency measure until more parks are provided, powers should be given to the Minister to unlock their gates and let the children in.

There are property rights in the way no doubt. But in war-time, if the gardens were needed, these rights would be overridden on the plea of "emergency." Is not the killing of children in our streets, day after day, an emergency?

In the rest of Britain these squares are not, it is true, nearly so common. That is no reason for delay in providing playgrounds by other means.

The city of Manchester was one of the first to use the device of play streets. It has just successfully, after long waiting, raised a large loan for municipal development. We offer our congratulations, and suggest that here is an immediate use for that money.

How long will it be before Manchester announces that the play streets are open again to traffic because ample playgrounds and open spaces have been supplied for the children?

"Please, sir, which is the way to the nearest play street?"

Play Streets Not Enough!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Promise We Want for the War Disabled

Angels of the Tragic Pits

Missing Sticks of Death

WHAT is to be the future of the men who were permanently disabled in the war?

Are they to be removed from the special hospitals of the Ministry of Pensions and thrown upon the rates in general institutions?

We address these questions to the new Minister of Pensions, Mr. R. S. Hudson, because there is need for an official assurance that these war-maimed sufferers will continue to receive that care which they have a right to expect.

The need is all the more urgent because of the statement recently made by the late Minister on this vital subject.

Vague and verbose

He was asked by an M.P. to state the future policy with regard to the treatment of disabled pensioners and whether it was intended that the existing hospital organisation would be continued permanently.

The Minister's reply, in our opinion, was wordy and vague. We give it in full:

"It is the policy of the Ministry of Pensions to continue the existing practice of utilising those hospitals most suited to the interests of ex-Service patients for whom the Ministry is responsible. There is no intention of curtailing the special facilities provided by the Ministry except in so far as may prove to be justified by the natural decline in the medical work of the department."

Ominous refusal

That last sentence obviously leaves the door open for any sort of change. And it may be regarded as ominous that the Ministry refuses to establish and make permanent the posts of all the ex-Service men who act as nurses and orderlies in the special hospitals.

Since the Government insists upon regarding them as temporary workers, we fear that it may also view the hospitals themselves as merely temporary homes for the war's most unfortunate victims.

Make it clear!

We have often had occasion to criticise the acts of the Ministry of Pensions. We hope—sincerely and profoundly—that we shall never have need to comment upon the heartless removal of the permanently disabled to general hospitals.

The new Minister has an obvious chance to give the clear undertaking which, once and for all, will remove the possibility of so infamous a betrayal.

We trust he gives it without delay.

The Lords go home

The House of Lords is now recovering from the strain of its unwonted activity.

Nearly all the Peers turned up to defend the sacred rights of landlords when there was danger of outlawing the barbarous traps in which thirty million rabbits are tortured every year.

But only fifty out of the six hundred were present the other night to consider the India Bill, which affects one-sixth of the human race. The others have presumably returned to their long slumbers.

Return of the bishops

Oddly enough, most of the bishops stayed away when the "Rabbits Bill" was before the House, but have turned up in force to argue about the India Bill.

Surely they were not scared of offending vested interests on the former occasion?

Or did they consider mass cruelty beneath their notice?

Still dearer food

And once again we must discuss the subject of dear food.

Mr. Elliot's latest move, which will be announced in a few weeks' time, will provide for import duties on butter, cheese, condensed milk and other dairy products.

The tariff under contemplation is a high one and may mean at least an extra shilling a week to the average working-class household.

He wonders whether it may not be the "writing on the wall"

Arms and the cost

Soon, we fear, we shall be wondering how much the new arms policy will affect our income tax.

Next month there will be a £7,000,000 Supplementary Estimate for the extra Air Force. In the next Budget there will be an addition of £20,000,000 for the same purpose. And next year we shall have to pay for new Naval vessels costing £130,000,000.

Stables for humans

But in other directions there is a fresh wave of economania.

For instead of building new cottages in the villages, the Government is urging local councils to subsidise landlords to convert their old barns and stables into houses for rural workers!

Only the smug mandarins of Westminster could provide such further inducement for workers to leave the land.

No promotion

Their anxiety to save money is perhaps responsible for the Navy's complaint that it is short of petty officers, because of which pensioned P.O.s are being asked to re-engage. And the Post Office is bringing back women who were discharged on marriage to work in supervisory positions

The rank and file are naturally asking "Why are we not promoted to fill these jobs?"

Artful reasons

Well, by re-engaging the old petty officers the Admiralty is saving the amount they would otherwise receive in pension.

And the married women Civil Servants are not being brought back on the seniority scale of pay at which they left the service, but at the minimum for their grade.

We don't blame the rank and file for bitterly protesting.

Fatal loopholes

We shall blame Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, unless he becomes more active.

The court of enquiry into the wreck of the *Usworth* holds the owners innocent but the regulations guilty. In other words, the present regulations are not sufficient to guarantee safety at sea.

And that is what JOHN BULL has been saying in season and out.

His father knows

Mr. Runciman would do well to heed the warning of his father, the veteran shipowner. Lord Runciman, among other complaints, draws a picture of timber boats loaded to the decks and standing on their beam ends in mid-Atlantic during the hurricane season—a picture worthy of Conrad.

"Give ships and their crews a fair chance," he pleads. It is his son's duty to answer that plea.

Sticks of death

Next, another detonator tragedy draws attention to the apparent carelessness with which the sticks of death are stored.

This time two Stockton-on-Tees boys have been frightfully injured when a detonator they found in an old building exploded at the entrance to a 40,000-gallon petrol depot.

We say again that it shouldn't be possible for such an explosive to disappear without being missed and a search made. The Army could teach us a lesson in that.

Kindness in the pits

Faced with a large amount of unemployment in their area, Durham miners are asking for abolition of overtime and a five-day week.

The wages paid for a normal week's work are not so large that the miners can afford to dispense with the extra income from overtime without more tightening of belts.

Their efforts show a fine spirit of unselfishness which might well be copied in other industries.

Your fingerprints, please!

The police chiefs in conference at Copenhagen have just discovered what everyone else has known for years—that the passport system is no check on the movements of criminals.

So they want to make travelling more irksome for honest folk by having not only a man's photograph and signature on his passport, but his fingerprints as well!

They are presumably unaware that fingerprints can be forged by expert crooks. They seem to be ignorant of many things, in our opinion, that the humblest members of their forces could teach them much.

The Fragrant Minute.

KING'S REACH

THAT section of the river (thus do announcements teach) 'twixt London and Westminster Bridge, now bears the name King's Reach.

King's Reach! It has a splendid sound and means so very much. We love His Majesty King George for his most human touch. In truth he has a kingly reach, right to the humblest heart. Among his scattered subjects, his friendship plays its part.

It takes a King's Reach to inspire a love so deep and wide as we all feel for him, our king, the Empire's friend and pride. No section of the river (thus history will teach) can be a proper measure of our beloved King's reach!

He has the pow'r of reaching all hearts where'er they be, and Love has crowned with glory this year of Jubilee.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Starving the children

Our Bumbles in high places are still insisting that Oliver Twist must be kept hungry. The Board of Education has again reprimanded the Smethwick Education Committee, which believes that poor children should not have to undergo a trial period of starvation before they can obtain free meals at school.

Whatever good this Government may have done, it must not snivel if it comes to be labelled as the "Starve 'em Brigade."

New tyranny

We cannot hope, therefore, that it will display any haste in removing the evil to be found in certain "twopenny libraries."

Some of them force their assistants to work very long hours, and on Sunday, for a mere pittance, but as they lend books and don't sell them they are immune from the restrictions of the Shops Act.

The fact that tyranny can be practised in this way is another example of the law's many weaknesses.

Searchlight on Shylock

A criticism made by the Law Society has resulted in one useful mine of information. It is now possible to find out whether a particular moneylender is licensed by writing to the Secretary of Customs and Excise.

That is good, but hardly good enough. If we are to stamp out those unlicensed pests who levy exorbitant interest, often under threat of blackmail, it should be made much easier for the public to learn which moneylenders may be patronised with reasonable assurance.

Morbid and vile

No epithets strong enough can be applied to the souvenir-hunters who have looted the Villa Madeira, scene of the Rattenbury murder.

When we read of young children being taken to picnic in the villa's gardens, and even in the room where the murder took place, we are tempted to describe those responsible as being more sordid and vile than even the wretched Mrs. Rattenbury.

Damsels in distress

We dislike the silly stuff that has been written about the fashionable women who got their plumes wet at Ascot—"brave in adversity" and "showing the true grit of Englishwomen," and so on.

We're sorry they didn't enjoy themselves.

But we have a very different idea as to what comprises the courage of womanhood.

Something to cry about

We note with relief that the woman who for forty years has been known as the "crying crook" has once more been brought to justice.

This wretched creature, Maud Smith, has preyed on the kindness of poor people in London's East End by pretending to help their still poorer fellows.

We exposed her years ago, and are glad she will be missing from decent society for the next twelve months—her sixteenth term of imprisonment.

Your great opportunity

Our readers must be envying the *Bullets* family whose round-the-world adventures are further described in this issue. "Thank you, JOHN BULL—and here's to your next world travellers! ran the final message from those happy voyagers.

Well, you and your family may be next for a thrilling 29,650-mile cruise in the *Empress of Britain*, plus £1,000 in cash and a weekly pension of £6 for life, if you enter a coupon from page 3

What to Do with the Peace Ballot

by

W. N. EWER

the Diplomatic Correspondent

THE Peace Ballot is over. And the result has surpassed the most optimistic hopes.

Over ten million people have answered the "five questions." And of that vast number the great majority vote solidly for the League, for disarmament, and for collective security.

There has never, I suppose, in the history of this or any other country been so impressive a registering of popular opinion.

Without the excitement of an election, without costly organisation and propaganda, in face of the boycott or active hostility of a large section of the Press, this staggering result has been achieved.

It leaves no doubt as to public opinion, as to the real "mind of the country" on these points. Discount them as you choose, the evidence of the figures is unchallengeable.

The ballot is over. Now what? How is this declaration of the will of the British people to be made effective? How, as a lawyer would say, is it to be made operative?

It cannot be left as a mere empty gesture, leading to an Albert Hall meeting and nothing else. The ballot cannot be an end: it must be a beginning.

A policy for this country has been formulated, submitted to a popular vote, and approved by an overwhelming majority. Now the job is to see that the Government follows it.

The Government itself can hardly be said to have a policy. Mr. Baldwin has admitted it.

"Collective security," he remarked at Llandrindod Wells, "is a difficult subject. We cannot know what form it might take."

One effect of the ballot is to inform Mr. Baldwin what form, in the view of the people of this country, it must take. That form is the support and strengthening of the League.

One at any rate of his colleagues has realised that. Mr. Eden has again and again committed himself to full support of the League, has again and again outlined a policy which, by and large, is that of the ballot majority.

☆ ★ ☆

While Mr. Baldwin "cannot know" what form collective security is to take, Mr. Eden knows quite well. The League, he says, "is the only practical form."

Our foreign policy, he says, "should be above all firm in support of the League of Nations."

Mr. Baldwin "cannot know" what to do. Several of his colleagues, many of his followers, are equally vague or actively hostile.

So be it. But in a democratic country politicians must pay heed to public opinion. And if once they are made to understand that the public opinion behind the ballot result is an active one, they will pay heed quickly enough.

They are, no doubt, calculating that the ballot is a mere flash in the pan, that people, having answered the questions, will forget all about them, that their votes represent a passive opinion rather than an active will. They have got to be cured of that belief.

There in the 10,000,000 ballot answers is the basis for such an agitation as this country has not known for years. Given the necessary drive it can be such a movement as no Government and no Parliament dare resist.

In nearly every constituency of the kingdom, the ballot committees have been formed and have functioned.

This is not the moment for them to be wound up. It is the moment not for going out of action, but for going into action. Committees for Organising the Ballot should now become Committees for Implementing the Ballot.

The Five Questions are there as a slogan and as a test.

With the policy they embody as a programme there is now opportunity for a tremendous campaign for Peace and the League.

And there they are ready as a test. Ready to be put to every Member of Parliament and every prospective candidate, of whatever party he may be.

They must be put, with a reminder to each how the people of his constituency have voted, with a request for definite and clear answers.

☆ ★ ☆

Above all, with a warning that any Member or candidate whose answers are unsatisfactory will find himself faced by a new and formidable opposition in the heart of his constituency.

The ballot answers should be followed by a pledge, a pledge under no circumstances to vote for any candidate, of whatever party, who does not give satisfactory answers to the Five Questions.

Just to ask the politician once what he thinks about it is not enough. It wants rubbing in again and again, until he realises that when the moment comes thousands of votes may depend on his answers.

At every meeting the Five Questions. To every canvasser the Five Questions. Everywhere and all the time, at every opportunity, the Five Questions.

The General Election is not far ahead. Four months, say the experts.

Meanwhile, there are by-elections. What a chance for rehearsal!

If the same energy and the same drive which went into the holding of the ballot are put into the implementing of the ballot there should be no question but that, whatever the party balance, there will be a big majority in the next Parliament pledged to a full League and Disarmament policy for this country.

But, comes the question, what is the use of this country only being pledged to such a policy if other countries are not?

Those who put such questions fail to realise the enormous prestige and influence which Great Britain wields abroad.

You have to travel to appreciate it fully. You have to go round Europe, and to talk with statesmen and officials and politicians and newspapermen and "men in the street."

I am amazed sometimes by the moral power which this country exercises. Perhaps we are too modest to realise it. But it unquestionably exists.

A bold lead by Great Britain on any issue is assured of immediate response. Over and over again the indecision of British statesmen, the failure to make up their minds, the reluctance to take the responsibility of decisive declaration or decisive action, has brought trouble and failure that could have been avoided.

British shilly-shallying was the main cause of the Manchurian catastrophe, which came so near to wrecking the League, and for which "British interests" are one day going to pay a heavy price.

British shilly-shallying was in no small measure responsible for Germany's angry withdrawal from Geneva in 1933.

Contrast with that the bold stroke which decided upon sending troops to the Saar. The lead given was followed not only with approval but with enthusiasm. A situation from which the gravest dangers were predicted proved perfectly easy to handle.

Had the firmness which Mr. Eden showed at Geneva on the Abyssinian question been shown six months before there would never have been any danger of an East African War.

And to-day, if it was realised from one end to the other of Europe that the British Government was firmly and inflexibly determined to pursue a 100 per cent. League policy, to back the League and the Covenant to the uttermost, to throw all its influence and all its power behind such a collective security as would make disarmament possible, the effect would be instantaneous.

The whole European situation would be transformed, once it was realised that a British Government was saying this and meaning it, and that behind it was the will of the British people.

John Wilmott scored a great victory on a peace issue in the East Fulham by-election. The way to make use of the Peace Ballot is to demand action by your candidate on the lines revealed by the Ballot's result.

☆ ★ ☆

Over and over again I have heard the complaint that nobody quite knows where the British Government stands or what British policy really is. Over and over again it has been pointed out to me that this uncertainty is a major factor in creating that feeling of insecurity which is the most dangerous thing in Europe to-day.

"If only England would make up its mind exactly where it stands. . . ."

Well, it seems to me that to-day Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues—with honourable exceptions—have still not made up their minds. They swing vaguely between a belief in the League, a belief in alliances, a belief in isolation, a belief in "keeping a free hand."

But the big mass of the people, as represented by the 10,000,000 voters in the ballot, *have* made up their minds. They want a 100 per cent. League policy.

And the biggest thing that can be done for peace to-day is to bring the British Government into line with the British people—to make effective in national policy the declaration of the Ballot.

The GREAT

Mr. James Farley, U.S. Postmaster-General, found the money chain letter craze "drowned" his department's services and promptly took out warrants against certain people behind the ramp. Crowds besieged offices opened specially to sell bulk supplies of letters ready to send out (right).

Worse than any Christmas rush would be the English postman's lot if the new chain-letter ramp reaches in this country the dimensions that it has in America.

PEOPLE in every walk of life and in every part of this country are at present asking themselves the question: "Shall I send on that pound?" Or it may be that ten shillings, that five shillings or that sixpence.

The reason for their perplexity is the receipt of a mysterious "chain" letter—not the ordinary religious missive of the character with which the public has been familiar for years, but one that invites them to take part in a colossal gamble, and, as we shall reveal, a crazy and fraudulent gamble.

Indeed, when they have read our disclosures about this new "chain letter" racket they should no longer be puzzled over whether to send on their pounds and shillings and sixpences or not. They will keep their good money in their own pockets, and not send it chasing after bad.

The old chain letter was a "snowball." It was started by fanatical religious bodies, who, exploiting human credulity and fear, threatened misfortune and doom for those who "broke the chain" by failing to pass the letter on.

The new chain letter is a "Money Ball." But the crooks who started it, and who are directing it, get the bulk of the money that their victims are persuaded to subscribe to some mystical prize, in the manner we shall describe.

These victims, who must already number scores, if not hundreds of thousands, are the dupes of what is one of the most widespread and impudent gambling schemes yet brought to our notice.

In full swing

Never before has the old chain letter imposture been exploited with such financial ingenuity as in the present ramp, and it is perhaps not surprising to find that this up-to-date and modernised presentation has its origin in America.

It is, in fact, from certain American cities that the campaign, now in full swing in Britain, is being organised.

Already, although the onslaught on this country started little more than a month ago, countless thousands of these commercialised chain letters have been despatched and delivered here. All over the land—in Manchester, Exeter, Brighton, Dawlish, Bolton, Ilfracombe, Glasgow, Hull, Blackpool, Newhaven, Swansea, Bristol and London, to name but a few places—postmen are complaining of the heavy and unusual loads they are now being compelled to lug about.

JOHN BULL'S office during the past few days, has been flooded with enquiries from recipients who, discarding fear and superstition, have been wise enough to take a little sound advice before parting with their money.

Scotland Yard, the United States Embassy, and similar bodies in France, Germany, and even Japan—where new campaigns have also commenced—are already alive to the fact that, unless something drastic can be done to stop it, the ramp is likely to prove an overwhelming success—for the promoters—in a very short space of time.

Secrecy

The chain letters mostly in circulation in this country are headed "Prosperity Club—in God We Trust." No address is given—for the circularisation is supposed to be wrapped in secrecy and confidence.

Let us give one typical epistle in full. Here it is:

PROSPERITY CLUB—IN GOD WE TRUST.

"This chain was started in the hope that it would bring prosperity to you. Within three days copy five of these letters.

"Omit the top name and address and add your own name to the bottom of the list and send one copy of this letter to five of your friends to whom you wish prosperity to come.

"In omitting the top name, send that person £1 as a charity donation.

"In turn, as your name leaves the top, you will receive 15,625 letters, with donations amounting to £15,625.

"Have the faith your friend had, and this chain will not be broken."

Accompanying the letter are six names. All the recipient has to do is to strike off the first name, place his own at the bottom of the list, and mail a pound to the person thus removed from the top. Thus, when the "chain" reverts to the recipient's own name, and when *that* reaches the top, £15,625 would supposedly come to him!

It all sounds somewhat involved, perhaps. But it is really only just a matter of arithmetic, apparently!

In carrying out the instructions of this "In God We Trust" chain-letter enterprise every person mails five letters to friends. Well, multiply five by itself six times and you will, in the end, get a total of 15,625. Then, assuming that every friend who receives a letter sends on a pound to the person named at the top of the list, a similar number of pounds must theoretically come to each in turn—that is, of course, in the most unlikely event of the chain not being broken!

Readers who have been good enough to send on some of the communications they have received have enabled us to give instances here of the astonishing letters which have passed through the post in compliance with the wishes of the originators of this reprehensible scheme.

Could anything be more pathetic than this:—

After reciting the preliminary facts, which naturally have to be given in every letter that is posted to keep the "chain" going, an epistle from Hu runs:—

"The chain was started in a American colony and your letters mus be sent within three days of receivi this.

". . . This will bring you luck in nin days. Mrs. Anderson won £800 i three days. Mrs. Harrington wo £300 in three days. .

"*Mrs. Stead broke the chain an lost all she had. Please don't yo break the chain.*"

There, in those last three lines whic we have put in italics, you have th wickedness of this "money ball" ram to exploit the credulity, fear and supe stition of the public.

"Mrs. Stead broke the chain and lo all she had. . . ." Perhaps a son, pe haps her husband—anything, perhap may have happened to this poor woma in the minds of the unsophisticated re cipients of letters of this type.

So the pounds and shillings roll in t the person named at the top of the li

Just as England is now being flooded

Chain-Letter FRAUD

'Money Ball' Fortune You Won't WIN

With these preposterous "Prosperity Club—in God We Trust" appeals, so until quite recently was the whole of the United States.

The chain-letter "Money Ball" ramp started there last December. It began in Denver, its chief organisers being four notorious international confidence tricksters and share-pushers named Ebenezer Cohen, Elmar Forde, David Aldrich and Francis Ward.

All are known throughout the world as adventurers of the worst type, and for years, in one scheme or another, have perfected an international agency organisation.

Taking an office in Denver, this quartette of rogues hired scores of typists, envelope addressers and directory experts. They concocted their "Prosperity Club—in God We Trust" chain-letters and despatched them, through the post, to the Los Angeles, Wisconsin, Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri districts and to New York and other great cities. They then asked for dollars, and begged their dupes not to break the great and divine chain.

Each batch they sent out—several thousands at a time—had a different name at the head of each list of six.

And the first name in every case was that of one of their nominees, who thus received all the money which came in as the result of the initial efforts.

For it is in the name at "the top of the list"—and often, indeed, of some of those below it—that the real crux of this great swindle lies.

They did not care what sums reached others named lower on the list so long as the first and biggest haul came their way.

Then they passed on to another town, and started another "chain" in a similar fashion!

The earlier campaigns were such a pronounced success that the police chiefs of Chicago, New York and a dozen other great American cities found themselves being implored by the local Post Office chiefs to intervene.

Police action

Mr. James Farley, the Postmaster-General of U.S., said that his services were being literally "drowned" by the unbearable heaviness of the "Money Ball" mail.

Even before the ramp was seen through, and protestations made, large additional postal staffs had had to be employed to cope with the extra mail.

Cohen and his satellites had, of course, disappeared before the vast fraud ended, and countless thousands of their dupes found that they were getting no response at all to the "prosperity letters" they had so credulously posted in good faith, together with their subscriptions.

The "chains," one by one, broke—as the promoters knew they would—after the first fruits of the racket had been reaped for themselves through aliases and nominees.

The American ramp was so well run that in some cities minor racketeers, realising the golden potentialities of the scheme, set up separate offices on their own, and, purchasing "Prosperity Club" letters in "lots," mailed them to friends!

Incredible though it may seem, small "markets" were opened at which "prosperity" letters were openly bartered for.

As the illustration on the opposite page shows, hundreds of excited "buyers" swarmed in to hand over their savings in return for a hundred or so letters which they could despatch in order to take a lion's share of the great fortune that was supposedly to come their way.

The scandal grew so intolerable that the Washington Police, in collaboration with the Washington State Post Office Department, took legal advice, as the result of which the incessant flood of "Money Ball" epistles was pronounced illegal. Warrants for the arrest of Ebenezer Cohen and his chief satellites were applied for and granted by the Washington Supreme Court, but the wanted "Money Ball" rogues were by this time far away.

Amazing are some of the revelations which are now coming to light. In Cleveland one "set" of letters alone, bearing on the top line the names of the promoters themselves, brought in something like 30,000 replies, most of which contained money. The principals vanished with the lot, and left the chain to be broken!

A law action has been begun against some of the members of the Ebenezer Cohen gang by a group of dupes who, realising at long last that they have been so cleverly swindled, imagine that they may gain some recompense by suing the vanished crooks for fraud!

Other names

In Los Angeles even schoolchildren were going without their meals in order to club together to participate in the "Prosperity Club" scheme!

Now, in hiding from the American authorities, who are armed with warrants for their arrests, members of the Ebenezer Cohen group have despatched agents to Canada, England and France to continue their ramp in these countries.

That is why, at the present moment, avalanches of "Prosperity Club" letters are sweeping both Canada and England and, in lesser numbers, France and Germany.

The aliases under which the rogues are working here are various. Some of the letters are being circulated under the old "Prosperity Club" title, others find their way into the recipient's home on notepaper headed "The Prosperity League," "The Granage Money Circulation Chain," "The 'Duro' Money Spinner," "Prosperity for 1935," and so on.

But all are worded with significant similarity, and all tell the same story of fortunes for all who do exactly what the American dupes have done before them—lost everything!

We happen to know that Scotland Yard is compiling a list of known adventurers here who are playing their part in collusion with their American dictators in this colossal "Money Ball" swindle.

They know, as we know, that in all parts of this country already, despite the newness of the fraud, countless people have parted with money.

Several of the English racketeers are working from London. There is one office in Berkeley Street, Piccadilly; another in Fenchurch Street, E.C.; a third in Regent Street, W.; a fourth in Victoria Street, S.W., which have been distributing these documents for several weeks past. In Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool agents are also busy, as the local Post Offices have begun to realise!

Some people, of course, must get small sums from the vast circulation of these letters as the result of carrying out the instructions, but it is the American crooks and their hirelings who reap the cream of the harvest by putting their assumed names and addresses at the top of the lists in each consignment of letters, and thus, in the manner we have shown, stealing the main part of the plunder.

Though so audacious in its conception, this "Money Ball" swindle is simplicity itself once in operation. The agents use common names like those, say, of Martin, Johns, Brown, Arthurs, Benson, Wallace, Edwardes, Morton, and so on, which assist them greatly in choosing the addresses from which they work, or, rather, which they use "at the top of the list." They can use them, time and again, in large consignments of letters mailed simultaneously, and thus multiply their chance of drawing a huge response.

Although the American Police have not been able to help the innumerable dupes of the "Money Ball" racketeers while they were working in the United States, they were able to procure the warrants which precipitated their flight under a law which, unfortunately, does not exist in England.

In America there is an Act which makes it an offence to use the mailing system for the transmission of letters which are put into circulation for purposes of fraud.

Our new P.M.G., Major Tryon, unlike Mr. Farley, is legally powerless at present against the "men behind the chain letters"

One remedy

The highest legal brains in Washington have pronounced this new scheme as fraudulent, and therefore process for the apprehension of the perpetrators was an easy matter.

In Great Britain there is no such law; and, even if eminent lawyers here finally follow the lead of their American colleagues and pronounce the self-same scheme fraudulent, Scotland Yard officers have no power to arrest the "Money Ball" agents now in our midst.

They will have to rely upon definite charges of fraud which, with an everlasting "chain" of this kind, that must go on to some degree, no matter how much it is broken, is well-nigh impossible. In any case, by the time they have had time to prepare their "case" for the courts the criminals will, of course, be far away—as pre-arranged!

We hope, however, that our exposure will do much to put an end to this audacious swindle. Recipients of any of these "Money Ball" chain-letters should do one thing, and one thing only:

Put them into the wastepaper-basket!

HIKING for health!

PARK DRIVE

PLAIN OR CORK TIP

for pleasure!

5 for 2D · 10 for 4D · 15 for 6D

Hannen Swaffer's

Open Letter to Bernard Shaw

MY DEAR G. B. S.,—Although you are seventy-nine this week, you are really a very naughty boy, full of mischief, a veritable imp. Fancy, at your age, cheeking everything and everybody over the air, dodging all the brass hats of the B.B.C., putting your tongue out at the world!

Sir John Reith must have shivered while you were talking. I am sure he did not know what you were going to say, or else Admiral Carpendale would have stopped you, even if Sir John had been too polite.

I expected, when I listened to your wireless speech on Liberty, that it would be cut off at any moment.

But, no, you went on relentlessly for twenty minutes, and you talked so rapidly, in order to get in all that you were determined to say, that no reporter could take it all down.

Fortunately, it was ten o'clock. So many dear old ladies had gone to bed.

Well I, for once, am all on your side. People sometimes write in and attack me for criticising you, just as, years ago, they used to write in and complain when I praised you.

The truth is that you cannot always live up to your best—no one can. It is when you fall beneath your best that I get angry. When you are at your best, other people get angry.

You debunked liberty, the other night. You said there was no such thing and that there could be no such thing.

You exposed ruthlessly the way in which there is a Boss Class which grabs and, dictates the conditions in which the great mass live, and how, if people object to its dominance, the Boss Class can condemn them to starvation.

"In the Orient," you declared, "people used to starve on their enemy's doorsteps. In this country, the police will not allow anyone to starve on his employer's doorstep. You must starve on your own—if you have one."

While the rich were taxed a lot in taxes, the poor, you declared, were taxed much higher in rent, and even then, "Your landlord may refuse to allow you to live on an estate if you go to chapel instead of to church, or if you vote for anybody who is his enemy, or if you practise osteopathy."

There was a lot of this—slaps at this, wicked impertinences about that, a guying of something else.

"We must stop gassing about freedom," you said. "Let us stop singing 'Rule, Britannia,' until we make it true."

Your voice rang with a merry chuckle, all through. You were enjoying yourself. The way in which, at the end, you said "Good-night, good-night, good-night," chortling and chuckling, was evidence of your merry mood.

Yet I wonder what your listeners thought. Every one of their sanctities was invaded. Every one of their most cherished illusions was destroyed. Yet you declared "I am merely stating facts. I am never controversial on the air, because you cannot answer back."

Then, at the end, you worried everybody. You asked every home in Britain this question: "If you had your choice, would you work for eight hours a day and retire with a full pension at forty-five, or would you work four hours a day and work until you are seventy? Do not send your reply to me. Talk it over with your wife."

I heard of one woman who, asked this, replied, "I do not want my old man pensioned off at forty-five, because I don't want him hanging around at home."

But the truth is, as you know, and I know, you put into that question one of the most important problems that now confronts the world.

People have to decide—that is unless they want the line of workless to get longer and longer from now until the end of time—in what way the hours of labour are to be cut down.

At Geneva, on the very day on which you were putting the problem to the homes of Britain, the International Labour Office was discussing a forty-hours week, the first step, but only the first, towards a solution. The British Government did nothing to help. In fact, it sent a representative there, servant of the Boss Class as it is, to vote against an international agreement on the matter!

I did not think you were clear enough about this. You did not explain that, in the future, when machinery is used a hundred times more than it is to-day—and that time is not far off—that there will be almost no work to do. You did not stress the point that, if people master that machinery, they will at least be free, but if they do not do it, they will be enslaved even more than they are to-day.

Well, that is a way of yours. In your early days you used to say things outright. You used to state facts bluntly. Now you adopt a more oblique attitude. You leave things in the air, which is where you left your speech.

Still, your listeners must all have obtained a new idea of you. They captured, for a few minutes, some idea of your charming personality, a glimpse of the kindness of your nature, because, although your speech was the most revolutionary one ever broadcast by the B.B.C., it contained not one word of unkindness. It was all a great joke.

Now, if you ask me whether I would prefer to work for eight hours a day and then retire at forty-five, or work for four hours a day and work until I am seventy, I am afraid I should have to reply that, unless I can work for considerably more than eight hours a day all my life, I shall be bored to tears.

I have become a slave to myself. But so have you. Here you are seventy-nine, and still working like the very devil, writing, arguing, making people laugh, yes, and loving it all the time.

Then, you and I belong to different branches of a profession in which we can enjoy ourselves, because we like our job. It is because you and I agree that millions of other people have to be freed from a life of slavery that I thank you, G. B. S., on their behalf, for a brilliant broadcast speech. If you can do this when you are seventy-nine, heavens, how good you will be when you are one hundred—and still working!

I Answer Your Riddle

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Bishop SHEDDEN,
Vicar of Wantage Park

DEAR BISHOP,—I am delighted with your frankness. The scandal of tithes, you say, is doing much to poison the relationship between priest and people, when a parish priest can save himself and his family from starvation only by forcing his principal parishioners into bankruptcy.

You call on the Church to end the present state of things at the earliest possible moment, and what those who run her business side may be thinking of you, goodness only knows. But I'll wager most country parsons are with you, heart and soul.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor R. S. DALGLEISH,
Lord Mayor of Newcastle

MY LORD MAYOR,—You are utterly wrong in thinking that people in the South look down on Northerners.

Come to London and ask a Billingsgate porter what he thinks of the 29th Division or how a bus driver regards a Durham miner! It will open your eyes.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROLAND ROBINSON, M.P.,
Widnes

DEAR SIR,—To celebrate the christening of your son and heir you are sending 200 Widnes boys to Blackpool for a holiday in September.

A happy gesture on a happy occasion!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE PARKINS,
Walker, Northumberland

DEAR SIR,—As you were leaving the employment exchange you heard that a little child was lying on the track of the electric railway with his hand trapped by a live rail. At the risk of your own life, and despite a severe shock, you managed to release him.

I hope it will not be long before you are released from your weary search for work.

JOHN BULL.

Judge PARSONS,
Wells County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—Evidently you endorse my views about the wasting of good money on funerals by people who cannot afford the expense.

You refused to allow a widow more than £30 for that purpose, remarking that actually you should not allow a penny more than £20.

You might have added that elaborate displays on such occasions are not so much evidence of regret as of a silly and out-of-date vanity.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. EVANS-PROSSER, M.A.,
Ellesmere College, Salop

DEAR SIR,—At the age of 32 you have been appointed headmaster of Ellesmere, but in 1932 you were head of Ashburton, so that by now you are quite an old hand!

Youth for youth is a good slogan, and a young man like yourself will undoubtedly be of more service to scholars than one with many years over his head.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LEWIS PEAKE,
Gloucester

DEAR SIR,—In these days when people dodge their liabilities with the lightest of hearts, it is refreshing to find you—a bankrupt of forty-three years ago—paying your creditors, with 4 per cent. interest, at your first opportunity.

As Judge Kennedy says, it was an honourable and satisfactory thing for a debtor to have done, and I congratulate you on your honesty.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS PARKINSON,
Misterton, Notts

DEAR THOMAS,—I am not going to criticise your twenty-miles journey in a bathchair in five hours as a silly stunt, as I would if you had done it to attract cheap notoriety.

For you are a cripple and were anxious to go this long way to see your sister. Your feat at seventy-nine years of age represents real pluck.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON,
London County Council

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—I like your attack on the "small minds" of the electrical industry and your plea for an end to the present chaos in voltages and charges.

Your complaints, indeed, bear out the criticisms I made in a recent series of articles

The great task of the "Grid" has been accomplished. Now the Electricity Board must tackle the task of obtaining the full advantages of this modern miracle.

JOHN BULL.

Major L. H. MORRIS,
Chief Constable of Devon

DEAR MAJOR,—You have displayed a fine spirit of charity in standing as surety for a man named Fuller. You told in court how he had "gone straight" for years, despite his bad record, until his recent lapse.

Only the other day, too, I heard how you had given work in your garden to an ex-convict in a vain effort to reclaim him from a life of crime. You are a police chief of whom the whole country should be proud.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Norwich

GENTLEMEN,—Though you criticised the methods of his employers, you have sent to jail for six months a man who embezzled £20.

It was his first offence and he had previously been of high character. His wages were only 45s. a week, though he was in charge of other clerks and had a wife and three children to keep.

I should have bound him over.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman T. E. B. BATES,
Darlington

DEAR ALDERMAN,—Certain politicians have scoffed at my statement that unscrupulous landlords are increasing the rents of tenants in receipt of public assistance. I therefore welcome the examples you have given of this audacious ramp in your own town.

And I am sure you must agree with me that there should be a speedy end to this public subsidising of avaricious landlords.

JOHN BULL.

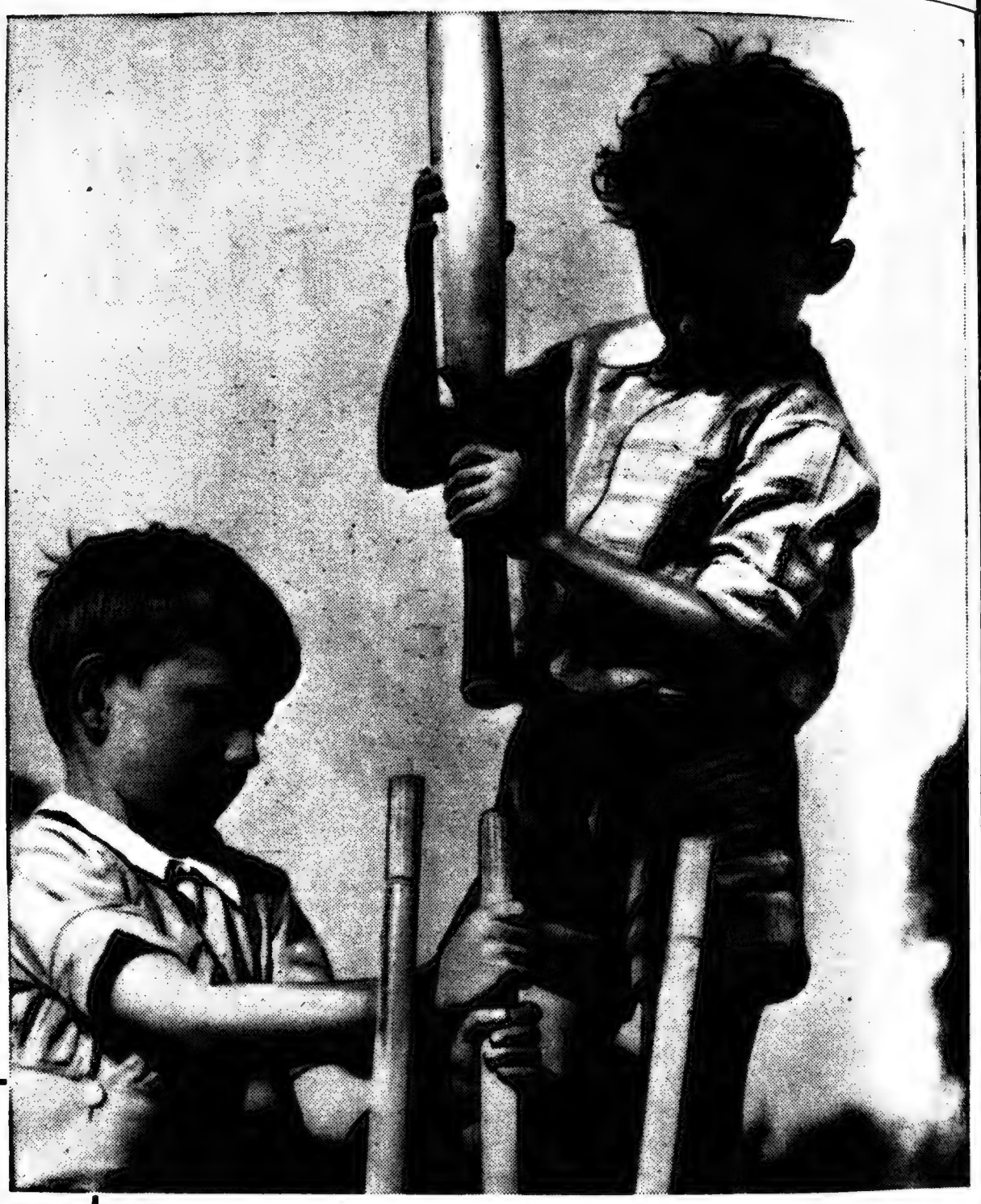
GENERAL MEDICAL COUNCIL,
London, W.1

PROUD SIRS,—Dr. Morgan, the T.U.C. medical adviser, describes you as a "disgraceful relic of mid-Victorian obscurantism bottled up in the spirit of anti-democratic prejudice."

Even if this sweeping condemnation does not persuade you to break your haughty silence, I hope you will reply to his charge that the insured patient doesn't obtain a fair deal owing to the commercialisation of the medical profession.

JOHN BULL.

"They just ask to be snapped"



The photographs of your children that you really want to keep are not posed pictures but the happy natural snaps you can get any day of the week when they're playing around the house.

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BEST *since the* WAR

by A. G. Gardiner

THE naval agreement between Britain and Germany is an accomplished fact. This week has been occupied in putting the finishing touches to the scheme. Herr von Ribbentrop, the German Ambassador Extraordinary, has returned home. In the meanwhile, Mr. Anthony Eden has been to the Continent, to allay the alarms which the agreement has excited in the bosoms of our Gallic friends.

Mr. Eden is an extremely adroit and skilful diplomat, who has the art of winning confidence and carrying conviction, and he has a case which, so far from arousing suspicion, should be welcomed by people of good will in all countries as the beginning of a new and more hopeful dispensation in Europe. We have thrown a life-line to a sinking ship, and this is not the time to boggle about the way it is thrown.

Despair

What are the facts in face of which we have taken this step? Sixteen years after the war that was to end war all Europe is madly arming for the next war.

Go to Italy, France, Germany, anywhere on the Continent, and you will find that the only industry that is booming is the industry of the Merchants of Death.

No one knows where the spark will be fired or who will be fighting whom.

But everywhere is fear, suspicion, and a sort of fatalistic despair. The League of Nations has been scuttled by its crew. Japan, encouraged by the break-up of Europe, is devouring China, and Italy is mobilising for a predatory war in Africa which will have alarming repercussions in Europe.

All attempts to limit armaments by a general agreement have failed and the Disarmament Conference itself is dead as mutton.

It is useless to discuss where the blame lies. It lies with all. We have all sinned and we are all guilty.

And we are all threatened alike by the catastrophe that is imminent.

It is in these desperate circumstances that the naval pact with Germany has been signed.

The attempts to establish a collective peace have failed, but this is a new way of approach to the same goal. The kernel of the problem is to stop the race in armaments.

If this cannot be stopped, war cannot be stopped.

And it can only be stopped by agreement. Since general agreement has broken down, let us make a beginning with piecemeal agreements.

Let us build up the structure of collective security brick by brick. Every brick that is well and truly laid will be a blow struck at competitive armaments.

It will be an example that will be followed. It will restore confidence, and create, in place of the atmosphere of war, the atmosphere of peace.

That is the idea behind the naval agreement. It applies to the element in which we are mainly concerned. It was Germany's menace to us at sea which was responsible for our intervention in the Great War. In removing that menace from the present situation we are clearing the ground of one peril.

And we are clearing it in a way which, so far from making difficulties for our former allies, gives them a yard measure with which to make similar pacts with Germany and ourselves. In a word, it embodies a principle which, applied all round, will establish collective security at sea and abolish competition in naval armaments.

That is a great thing—perhaps the best thing we have done in the cause of peace since the war. Why should it alarm the French? It is complained that we have acted abruptly, without due consultation with France. If that is so, it is regrettable, but not unforgivable. Time is short and someone must take action. And, to speak quite frankly, we have waited on France too long and allowed her to dictate our policy too much.

Herr von Ribbentrop, Hitler's naval pact envoy. The Dictator's agreement will abolish competition in sea armaments, says A. G. G.

Our end

It is complained, further, that it is a breach of the Treaty of Versailles which forbade Germany any but the most insignificant Navy. But what is the good of mumbling this old formula? It is dead. Germany can arm, is arming and will arm, and the only question is whether she shall arm for war or for peace—on a strictly limited scale by agreement and under supervision, or competitively, unlimitedly and secretly.

And it is said that this is a diplomatic victory for Hitler, that his object is to drive a wedge in between us and France, and that we have deserted France and betrayed the League of Nations.

This is nonsense. The only people who threaten to drive a wedge in between us and France are the noisy Paris journalists, who have been among the chief mischief-makers in Europe ever since the war and of whose hysterics we have had more than enough. I dislike the Hitler regime as much as anyone, but the internal affairs of Germany are not our concern. Our concern is European peace. Anyone who will make a contribution to that we will work with.

It may be that Hitler is playing a game. I do not know, but in this matter I do not think he is. But we must take risks for peace if we are ever to escape the vast certainties of war. He has signed a treaty, of which our Admiralty approve, with us, and he has indicated that he is ready to negotiate a similar naval treaty with France.

Laval must know

I hope that, having blown off steam, the French will act like the realists they claim to be. M. Laval is a sensible man and is not likely to be influenced by the Paris Press *claque*.

And I do not doubt that Mr. Eden has convinced him, if he needed convincing, of the good faith and the good will of this country.

Rightly used, this move may save European civilisation. I am convinced that nothing else can. It contains a principle which can not only stop the race in naval armaments, but can be applied with equal effectiveness to all armaments.

Take the case of the air—that most sinister menace of all. France herself has, with this country, put before Hitler a scheme for an Air Pact, which might be the beginning of a complete demilitarising of the air. Hitler, so far from turning the idea down, has indicated his readiness to negotiate. Let us get on with this great business.

Settling the problem

Let us bring Hitler to the proof on the air question as we have brought him to the proof on the naval question. And consider what the effect of such an agreement would be upon the outlook of Europe. It would change the whole habit of thought from competitive armaments and war to limited armaments and collective peace.

Settle the sea and settle the air and we should have paved the way to settling the problem of armies and munitions on the same sane and reasonable lines. We should have built the structure of collective security brick by brick, changed the whole mentality and outlook of Europe, and given our Western civilisation a chance of survival.

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£2,500 for one snapshot! Such is the record cash prize for a single snap offered in the *Daily Herald's* great Free Snapshot Competition which has fascinated every camera enthusiast in the country.

Every snap is eligible. It does not matter whether it was taken this year, last year or the year before. Size and shape do not matter either. *It's the picture that counts.*

In addition to the great £2,500 first prize, there are unlimited Two Guinea cheques for all snaps published in the *Daily Herald*.

There is nothing to pay. A Free Entry Form appears in the *Daily Herald* every day, and you may send in as many entries as you please.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

WHEN she fought
For the vote,
Woman thought
To devote
Her time, when she'd won it, to reigning
As queen of the earth!
But she doubts now the worth
Of the "rights" she was so keen on gaining!

For the fight's
Far from done,
And the rights
She has won
May vanish in air like a bubble,
If she is not alert,
So her loins she'll begirt
And fight on—if it seems worth the trouble!

In the days when worms were projected at Cabinet Ministers and no policeman's helmet was safe, those taking part in the suffragette campaign never doubted that the game was worth the scandal.

They knew what they wanted and how to get it, but they doubt if the women of to-day know how to keep it. So, at the age of 91, Mrs. Charlotte Despard, the pioneer suffragette, is taking part in a whirlwind campaign for the Women's Freedom League, holding that "unless we are prepared to defend our freedom we shall lose what we have won."

To the girls of the old brigade it must seem distressing that their juniors, having been given the freedom of the ballot-box, seem more interested in the bondage of the vanity-box.

And now man, the brute! suggests that woman while fighting for her rights imagined that she was striving for a golden apple, but has now discovered that the answer was a lemon.

Mr. C. E. M. Joad, for example, maintains that man has no wish to deprive woman of her freedom, but she will very soon voluntarily surrender it, as she is "returning to a more rational view of what freedom for women means."

Perhaps she already realises that for man it merely means that he is free to go where he likes, providing there is no rule, regulation or notice board telling him he mustn't, and to do what he likes with any time that is left him by his employer, and any money that is left him by the tax-collector and such womenfolk as the law compels him to support.

Apart from the right to shave and the inestimable privilege of fighting in the next war that is fought to end war, women have attained such a position of sex equality that their wrongs are now practically the same as those of men.

In these circumstances, it seems a little strange to read of Mrs. Despard saying that "The old argument that 'a woman's place is the home' is being used to take away women's freedom."

Ere woman fought her "rights" to gain,
Her place was in the home.
And from it, in Victoria's reign,
She rarely sought to roam,
Except to go out shopping,
Or to see a matinée—
Oh, yes, her lot was hard indeed
Until from bondage she was freed
In good King George's day!

But now her term of serfdom done,
She can, like pampered men,
Enjoy the right from home to run—
To catch the seven-ten!
What was the curse of Adam,
Eve's bliss is held to be;
And so, from nine till six each day
She's well content to slave away—
To prove that she is free!

Freedom's Fetters

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BIG SHOE BARGAIN. A one-week offer of a pair of Smart Shoes is made by Messrs. Nuttall in this week's "Shop Window," page 3.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS! You will not regret sending for my wonderful home-made baby-clothes outfit. Every garment made from the best materials and correct designs. Advertised and supplied to *John Bull* readers for ten years. To-day's improved layette represents better value than ever. Complete layette at 30/- or Superior set at 42/-, including best flannels and 12/6 qual. shawl. Send 2/- for parcel on approval.
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PIANO-ACCORDIONS. Drums and all Accessories, Trumpets, Guitars, etc. Send 1d. p.c. 46-p. cat. free—Terms. J. B. RAYMOND & CO., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, LONDON, E.C.4.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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SUFFERERS from Hæmorrhoids should not overlook the Pylitna advt. on p. 31 and the Magic Laboratories' treatment on p. 35.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on the back cover.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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STUDY at home in your spare time. You can have a Bennett College training in almost any career for only a few shillings monthly. It offers the personal touch that counts in postal tuition. A free copy of a special book, "The Human Machine"—the secrets of success—is offered in the advt. on p. 18, to which readers' attention is drawn for further particulars.

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FREE.—100-page book, "Guide to Dog Management," write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spratts Patent, Ltd., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3. This free offer appears on p. 35.

MOTHERS! Do you know that a complete Mother Goose story ("Old King Cole" and others) appears on packets of Beehive's Rice Krispies, the delicious cereal, costing only 3½d. per packet at all grocers? See p. 27.

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NAIL BITING! A real cure at last. Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. Simple explains how you can free yourself for ever of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.) 31, Bruce Grove, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Behind a Nice Little Share Plot—

SIX SINISTER *Secret* FINANCIERS

DRAMATIC developments may be expected to take place any day in connection with the great new "share plot fraud."

As readers of JOHN BULL know, these columns have lately contained many exposures of firms calling themselves "stock and share dealers," which have been formed solely for the purpose of fleecing the public.

Our attention has for some time been directed to two companies whose ramifications call for salutary publicity. One is Gilbert White and Co., of Old Broad Street, London, and the other Stewart and Crichton, of the same address. Both describe themselves as "stock and share dealers," and both have, judging from their literature, quite a lot in common.

Let us deal with each in turn

Gilbert White and Company sends out printed matter which is the last word in impressiveness. In one document before us the very first paragraph mentions the fact that "shares on principal security exchanges have enhanced in value approximately £60,000,000."

By the clever trick of giving in bold type the names of reputable companies, with a brief financial "history" of their careers, Gilbert White and Company have persuaded numerous clients to part with money for shares in other concerns about which they professed to have considerable inside knowledge.

As a matter of fact, several people who have been unfortunate enough to have dealings with this concern have found it necessary to complain to the police because the profits they were promised have not yet materialised in any shape or form.

Gilbert White and Company tells some of its clients that it has a special and up-to-the-minute statistical department, and that it publishes twice weekly a "Market Letter" giving vital information of a financial character to all regular patrons. Its "statistical department," we find, is run by a number of efficient persons of American origin.

So—leave Gilbert White and Company alone!

Still more interesting and also controlled by the American share-pushers, is Stewart and Crichton. With well-appointed offices also in Old Broad Street its programme is very similar to that of Gilbert White and Co., and it specialises in selling shares which possess, one is told, the greatest prospects.

Activities known

To a much greater degree, too, the offices of Stewart and Crichton have been visited by American share-pushers, and among their number we can reveal are at least six notorious men whose names and "financial" careers are extremely well known to Scotland Yard.

"John Stewart," who has passed as the leading light of Stewart and Crichton throughout, is a mere alias for a man who for years has been associated with share-pushing ramps about which numerous complaints have been made.

Very cleverly, Stewart and Crichton first induced their clients to buy shares in high-class and reputable profit-paying companies, and, later, as part of their scheme, to realise on the good shares and change their value into other (and often worthless) ventures, about which they profess to have exclusive information.

One of their unfortunate victims is an aged maiden lady who, to begin with, was urged to buy highly quoted shares in a famous tobacco company. A week or two after she had made her purchase she received a telephone call from London, in the course of which an individual with an American accent acclaimed in the highest terms the possibilities of "Consolidated Gold."

Mr. Norman Kendal, Assistant Commissioner of Police, is directing a squad of detectives against these so-called share dealers

"Consolidated Gold," it transpired, was short for the Consolidated Gold Mining Corporation, Limited, which is a newly formed company which is stated to possess vast mining rights in the heart of Zululand.

The telephone call was followed up by a personal visit from a salesman, and the lady was assured that she would make a lot of money if she parted with her tobacco shares and went "all out" for "Consolidated Gold."

She followed this advice, and is now very sorry for herself, as she has discovered that the Zululand prospects are by no means as rosy as she was led to believe.

At one point in her transactions with Stewart and Crichton this aged lady paid as much as thirty shillings for shares which are absolutely unquoted in reputable Stock Exchange circles. There is not, and never has been, the slightest justification for Stewart and Crichton unloading "Consolidated Gold" shares at such amazing premiums.

In all parts of the country there are victims who have been similarly treated—induced to buy good shares at first and then switched off on to speculative or worthless stock.

A few months ago another victim bought, through Stewart and Crichton, some first-class shares in a highly reputable mining company. He was a little startled at the low price at which they were offered, and bought them at what most certainly was a real "bargain" price.

Inevitably, he was later persuaded to go in for the great "Consolidated Gold." He did; and to-day he is in the same position as the lady whose case we have already cited.

By telephone call he was informed that he had better get rid of the shares of the reputable company and invest as much as he could in Consolidated Gold Mining Corporation, Limited. He was promised a profit of ten shillings on every pound share "very quickly."

Although speed was apparently the essence of everything when the proposition was first made about "Consolidated Gold," it has been very much lacking ever since. Since he parted with his money Stewart and Crichton slowed down most dismally. The client heard no more!

And when, worried about the strange idleness of the firm, the man began to telephone to London for information he found that Stewart and Crichton were by no means so efficient over the telephone as they were when making long distance calls! All he could manage to obtain were a few unsatisfactory statements from a woman who regretted, day after day, that "Mr. Stewart was away."

Action needed

That, as far as this particular investor is concerned, is the end of the matter!

These two instances we have given are typical of many, and enquiries we have made enable us to say that Stewart and Crichton is a bucket shop of the most blatant type.

Scotland Yard, and the City of London police, have received several complaints about this firm's cruel activities, and the time has come when the authorities should take action against the principals of the company for so heartlessly duping the public.

Further research shows that Stewart and Crichton have been busily selling the shares of a Canadian wild-cat concern called Amalgamated Gold Fields, Limited. The alleged valuable stock of this venture is completely unmarketable, and it is illuminating to note that numerous dupes have also been induced to buy shares through another firm of "stock and share dealers" named Robert Wright and Company, which until a few months ago was in business at offices in Queen Victoria Street, London.

When its clients grew pressing, the various American gentlemen who controlled the operations of Robert Wright and Company just packed their tents and silently faded away! Since their departure the police at Old Jewry have received numerous complaints from victims who have been induced to part with large sums of money.

Mythical offices

The literature of Stewart and Crichton, curiously enough, is very similar to that issued by Robert Wright and Company, and to that of yet another ramp, called Stanley Clarke and Son, Limited, which, with mythical offices in Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Vienna, Copenhagen, and New York, exploded similarly after victiming the investing public for more than £50,000.

Some of the American-tongued "dynamite men" who have been using the offices of Stewart and Crichton also, we find, visited the offices of both Robert Wright and Company and the Stanley Clarke concern, keeping themselves—as is generally the case in audacious ramps of this kind—very much in the background.

Months ago a warrant was issued for a man named Frederick Arthur Burton, who was the supposed chief of ceremonies in the Stanley Clarke and Company swindle, but it has never been executed, for the simple reason that he cannot be found. The police now know that Burton was not his name at all.

It is to be hoped that, with victims in all parts of the country, the mystery men behind Stewart and Crichton will not be allowed to escape in the same impudent manner. We urge the authorities to investigate the latter firm's swindling operations at once. "Mr. John Stewart" and his satellites should be brought to book without a moment's delay.

JOY IN THE MORNING

AT eleven on a recent morning the pulley-wheel of a Northumberland colliery began to whirl. There stepped from the cage, among other grimy figures, a tired man longing for a bath, food, a good wife's ministrations, and then—bed.

But what horrors had been wrought in his little home while he was toiling through his night shift!

His home was a blackened ruin, his furniture, representing twelve years of saving, mere ash. His heart stood still as a terrible doubt came into his mind concerning his wife and baby—then hastened madly as he realised they were safe with a neighbour.

Gradually he pieced together the story of how fire engines had raced through the night six hours before and how his wife, a true heroine, had ran through a wall of fire when the choking smoke awakened her.

A terrible day, a hideously unforgettable day. Yet in a letter he sent us he writes, almost ecstatically, that "Joy cometh in the morning."

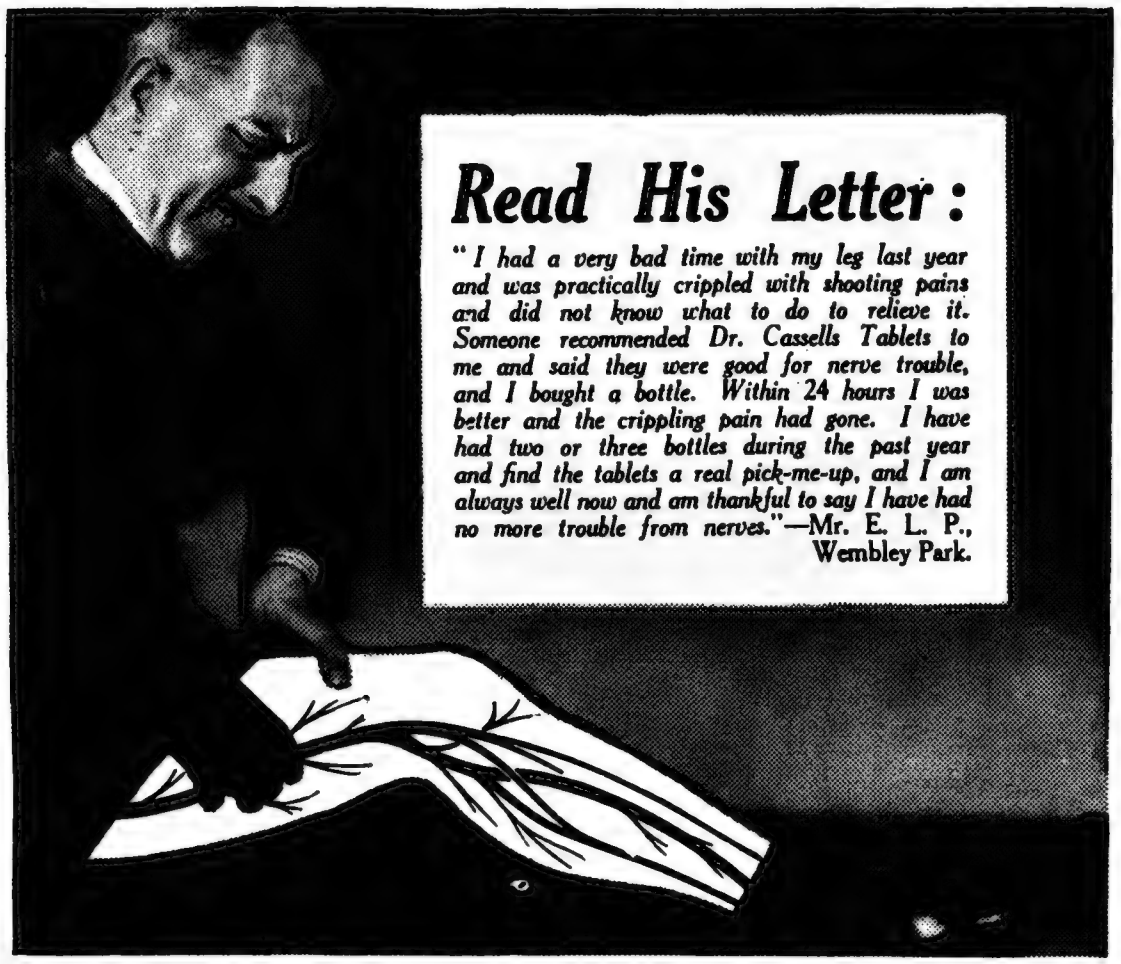
* * *

It came in the shape of a cheque from JOHN BULL in respect of his ruined property

We made that our loss because he had had the foresight to qualify for our unique free insurance by signing such a form as you can sign within the next minute. It is reprinted for your benefit on page 2.

Turn to it now. One day you may be writing to us, as he wrote: "We wondered whether we would ever be happy again, but now we can start over again, free from debt."

Thought it was Uric Acid then found a weak SCIATIC NERVE was the cause of my crippling Pains



Read His Letter:

"I had a very bad time with my leg last year and was practically crippled with shooting pains and did not know what to do to relieve it. Someone recommended Dr. Cassells Tablets to me and said they were good for nerve trouble, and I bought a bottle. Within 24 hours I was better and the crippling pain had gone. I have had two or three bottles during the past year and find the tablets a real pick-me-up, and I am always well now and am thankful to say I have had no more trouble from nerves."—Mr. E. L. P., Wembley Park.

Better within 24 Hours ... Acute Pain Banished

AGAIN Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS TRIUMPH!

This sufferer did not understand his trouble . . . he paid for his mistakes with awful spasms of ever-increasing agony, and with pounds from his pocket. He could neither sleep nor walk. Then he found it was ***NERVE PAIN***—the awful twitching agony of a weak Sciatic Nerve. Dr. Cassells Tablets quickly nourished his inflamed, impoverished nerves. First the pain went, then his whole nervous system was strengthened. It wasn't long before he reached a pitch of health which few would credit until they had seen him. Mr. P. is now fit as a fiddle . . . brimful of energy . . . a living tribute to Dr. Cassells Tablets. Your nerves, too, need the valuable ***NERVE FOODS*** in Dr. Cassells Tablets. Your blood needs to be purified and enriched by life-giving Mineral Salts and carefully chosen ***BLOOD TONICS.*** Your appetite and digestion will be strengthened by Natural Digestives. Hundreds of thousands have found wonderful benefit. Dr. Cassells Tablets are a first grade specialist's treatment. The formula is on the left. Read it for yourself.

THE FORMULA

Nerve Foods

Blood Tonics

and

Digestives

SACCHAR. CEREVIS.
Vitamin content promotes the development of muscular tissues and nerves, and improves general health.

KOLAE SEMINA
Possesses powerful, tonic properties. Relieves pain at once. Acts as a cerebral stimulant; clears the brain, banishes depression.

SALICIN et PEPSIN
Salicin increases the flow of saliva and improves appetite; Pepsin increases the digestive power of the Gastric juices.

SOD. PHENOL-p-SULPH.
This ingredient keeps the entire digestive and intestinal tract sweet and clean, and purifies the blood.

IRON GLYCEROPHOS.
Improves nerve nutrition. Invaluable for the treatment of Chlorosis and other forms of Anæmia.

CALCIUM HYPOPHOS.
Assists in general nutrition. Helps to neutralise excess stomach acids.

MAN. et MAG. H. PHOS.
The first of these two ingredients is a powerful nerve stimulant; the second an antacid and laxative.

CALCIUM PHOSPHATE
Essential to healthy bone-building. Three-quarters of the mineral matter in your body is composed of this substance.

Your NERVE in Weakness and Strength

Here you see two sections of nerve—the one on the left is shrivelled, inflamed. A nerve in this condition can give you unbearable pain. The right-hand section is well nourished, healthy, proof against shock.

Fair-Play Offer!

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'NOISY' FAMILY: *Amazing Eviction*

ANY eviction savours of inhumanity, but for sheer ruthlessness it would be hard to equal a case just brought to our notice by a reputable association responsible for the welfare of ex-Service men.

It concerns an eviction by the Wolverton Urban Council—the first under the Housing Act—at a quiet hamlet of New Bradwell, Buckinghamshire. The circumstances are so extraordinary that most people will join with us in expressing the hope that it will also be the last.

As a result, a family of four has been reduced to living under canvas in conditions that are a disgrace to civilisation. Yet they are honest, law-abiding, industrious citizens, who have done nothing whatever to merit such drastic treatment.

Tearful protests

Let us trace the story from the morning of the eviction, when bailiffs arrived and, despite the tearful protests of the mother, turned the whole of the furniture in the modest cottage home out into the street.

The bailiffs certainly did not relish this task and carried it out with tact; but they had instructions from the Council, and could not help themselves.

Children's toys lay on top of a heap of furniture, but the two children to whom the toys belonged stood by with scared eyes. Their little heads were puzzled by this ruthless treatment of their treasured possessions.

This was the plight which faced the small family on a June morning when grey skies held threat of rain to come. There was the furniture exposed to the weather, and the children and parents without shelter!

The victims of the humiliating affair are Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Atkinson, who have been tenants of the colony of Council houses at New Bradwell, on the outskirts of Wolverton.

Twelve months ago, it appears, complaints were lodged with the Council by neighbours of Mr. Atkinson regarding damage which was being done by the two children, one of them aged six and the other aged eight, both of whom are in delicate health.

Mr. Atkinson and his belongings after the ruthless eviction

There is little doubt that there were people in the colony who objected to children living anywhere near them. That a child should swing on a gate was in their eyes, apparently, a crime of great magnitude!

Unheard!

At any rate the complaints of alleged damage by the children were considered by the Housing Committee of the Urban Council, which made its report with the result that it was decided by the Council that notice to quit should be served on the unfortunate Mr. Atkinson.

It is a commendable fact that the Housing Committee in its wisdom never thought of doing the obviously fair thing in asking Mr. Atkinson to state his side of the case—he was condemned unheard!

"I was amazed at the allegations made against my family and thought I had a right to refute them before the Housing Committee," Mr. Atkinson rightly declares. "Although I wrote several times asking that my side of the case should be heard, in the interests of justice, I got no reply and consequently had no opportunity of dealing with my traducers." But there were some people, at least, who had a sense of justice.

There was a further development when other men and women in the district, who knew the Atkinson family well, signed a petition to the local Council urging that they should not be turned out of their home. But this had no effect; the Council was deaf to all entreaties.

So when Mr. Atkinson, who was unable to find another house in which to live, failed to obey the Council's notice to quit, the case was taken to Court, and the Stony Stratford magistrates, apparently with no other legal alternative, sanctioned the application for ejectment.

Fruitless quest

A period was allowed for Mr. Atkinson to seek for another home. Week after week, when his day's work at a near-by brickworks was done, he cycled miles in search of a home for his family but the quest failed! He could find nowhere else to live.

Anxious, nerve-racking weeks passed and then the worst happened! Bailiffs tramped into the modest little home of the Atkinsons in Althorpe Crescent, New Bradwell, and shortly afterwards neighbours saw the furniture being piled up in the street.

A few moments later Mrs. Atkinson, on the verge of tears, came out of the place which had once been her home, pushing a perambulator in which was Geoffrey, her six-year-old son who is suffering from spinal trouble.

Her other little boy, bewildered by these strange happenings, clung to her hand.

Those watchers in Althorpe Crescent saw this pathetic little procession leave the house.

A mother in distress the family without a home and the furniture piled up in the street!

Then, to add to the misery of the picture, rain began to fall on the possessions of the homeless family. Despair walked with Mrs. Atkinson as she went down Althorpe Crescent that day.

But there is some spirit of human kindness left in this grey world.

For thirteen years he had been a sergeant in the local Territorial unit, and the Officer Commanding, hearing of his misfortune, kindly gave permission for the Atkinsons to have the use of two bell tents, which were erected on a plot of land at the side of the drill-hall at Wolverton.

There it was that a JOHN BULL representative found this family, living in conditions which can only be described as terrible. Part of the furniture has been stored and the rest is in the tents. Heavy rains during the past few days had not added to the joys of tent life.

Because of their delicate health the two children have suffered from the rigours of life under canvas in the worst possible conditions. At nights the parents have tossed sleeplessly on their bed while the wind and the rain have done their worst.

The condition in which this family is now compelled to live, because it can find no house, is beyond description!

A real home

Mr. Ernest Atkinson is a man of good character, well respected by his employers and by those who know him. During the time he was a tenant in the Council house at New Bradwell his rent was paid regularly.

While it is true that children can be a nuisance, every parent in the land will be appalled at the thought that this should be made an excuse for turning an honest family into the street. They will feel with us that the Housing Committee would have been well advised to have heard Mr. Atkinson's side of the case when complaints were made.

To order his ejectment so ruthlessly without giving him a hearing appears to be a negation of all that we usually call justice.

The fact is that this innocent family has been subjected to severe hardships which should not be possible in a civilised country.

The whole circumstances of this heartless eviction must be officially investigated, and the victims must not be allowed to remain in their present distressing plight. An adequate home must be found for them at once.

Write to

JOHN BULL

About It!

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Someone to Push

THE things that build a man's character are the things he does for himself. The things that develop his intelligence are the thoughts he thinks for himself. The things that strengthen his mind are the decisions he makes for himself.

It is fatally easy to get into the habit of relying on others. It is so easy that any number of people are helpless, unable to move an inch unless someone is there to push them along.

People who are frightened of independence are usually frightened of making mistakes and scared of experience. It is quite true that experiences that really teach are rarely pleasant.

It is usually the hard side of life that has its lessons for us. Yet experience is the only school in which lessons are taught that get us anywhere—always provided we are willing to learn.

And as for occasionally making mistakes—who doesn't? As long as we are willing to learn how to avoid them in future they are part of the experience that moulds character and develops mental strength.

When things go wrong it's very tempting to blame other people. But even if it's comforting, it's cowardly. It's only an attempt to deceive yourself. A man is master of his own thoughts—if he tries. A man is thereby master of his own actions—if he tries.

It is no more use to blame others for what is your own fault than it is to run away from trouble. The thing to do when you realise you have made a mistake is to put it right as soon as possible—and make sure you don't repeat it.

The one great lesson experience can teach if you will let it is that if you think clearly and think ahead, things will go right. If you don't they will go wrong.

The measure of your success in life is, from one point of view, simply the measure of your ability to think.

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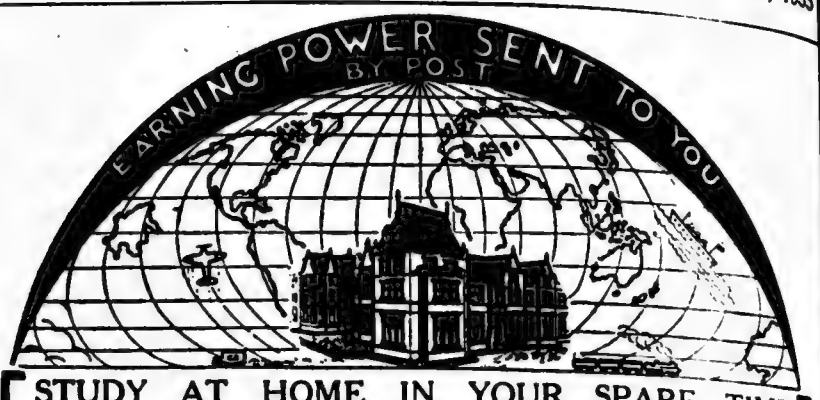

STUDY AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam,—When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine. Later you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but still later you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women. Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment. Why not let me relieve you or some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father? We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but the nature of our business compels us to keep an eye upon the class of men and women that are wanted and who wants them. There are some people who manufacture an article and put it on the market to sell. We do not do that, we work in exactly the opposite direction. We find out what employers want and we train our students to fill those jobs. We have to be experts in the matter of employment, progress and prosperity. If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes and I will give sound, practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

Yours sincerely.

J. H. Bennett

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Jim Dusk

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WEEKLY INFORMATIONS from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Bad Brother of Mercy

He professes to have at heart the welfare of people like these. But his society is a mere sham

"Beds for the Workless" Ramp

THIS week I would counsel my readers to be on their guard against certain plausible, loquacious canvassers soliciting subscriptions on behalf of the Workless Aid Society.

These collectors are equipped with a well-labelled contribution box and an "official" card of authorisation—to imply that they are genuine and that the charity for which they plead support is a sound affair and well worthy of monetary recognition.

The "Workless Aid Society"—there is a reliable sound about that title, and a carefully regulated appearance of respectability about its collectors; young women as well as men.

And the aims of the Society would seem to be above suspicion:—

"To endeavour to rehabilitate those who have temporarily lost their grip on life, through misfortune or other causes.

"To provide beds and meals for those unfortunate people who would otherwise be compelled to sleep out in the open places without food or shelter.

Hollow sham

"To open a place of refuge or shelter, wherein warmth and comfort may be found by those who, through poverty and destitution, are forced to wander about during the dark hours of the night; cold, hungry and miserable."

I quote these objects from a draft of the constitution of the Society, endorsed by the "hon secretary."

So much for the surface view. It all sounds very worthy and impressive, but actually the Workless Aid Society, I find, is a hollow sham—one of the most outrageous bogus charities that have ever been brought to my notice.

The mainspring of the organisation is a dubious individual by the name of Harry Augustus Barnett. He is the alleged "honorary secretary," while his wife is the "hon. treasurer."

The offices of the society are in the living room of the basement flat which Barnett rents at Sinclair Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, London.

The history of the Workless Aid Society is not inspiring. It began its existence a few years ago as the "Transient Workless Aid Society," with a collecting slogan, "We help to provide substantial dinners and good beds for those in need."

This was towards the end of 1933, and the organisation then dropped its descriptive adjective and became simply the "Workless Aid Society."

Barnett, when he was interviewed concerning the good faith of his society, volunteered the information that he had experience as a member of the committee of the Destitute and Homeless Help Society, of York Road, Lambeth, London, S.E.

Not exactly a first-class recommendation, for the activities of that particular society and of its founder, Frederick Booth, are notorious in the charity world and have frequently been exposed in these columns.

It is not so long ago, indeed, that three of its women collectors were brought up in Eckington, Derbyshire, and summoned under a local by-law prohibiting street collections unless specially authorised by the police. All three were convicted and fined.

As in the present venture sponsored by Barnett, the collectors of the Destitute and Homeless Help Society are permitted to pocket a preposterously high percentage of any subscriptions they may gather; and it is on that score that the society has come in for a great deal of criticism.

Chief warned

With Barnett in the saddle, the Workless Aid Society began an intensive scheme for fund-gathering. Advertisements were inserted in local London newspapers for collectors to work on a commission basis. In addition notice of "vacancies for collectors" was actually filed with the employment exchange at Shepherd's bush.

Because of the nature of this work, enquiries were instituted by the Ministry of Labour, and as a result the manager of the employment exchange was warned against the Workless Aid Society.

Despite this set-back, and a subsequent visit from a detective officer, Barnett has continued on his charity-monger's course. Collectors work for the society on a commission basis of no less *than fifty per cent.* of all money received. The balance passes to the society for disposal.

A certain amount of charity relief is undoubtedly given by Barnett through the medium of his society, but only he knows how much. For the society is extraordinarily reluctant to publish reports and balance sheets.

20 a week

What the society does is to distribute tickets, valued at 1s. 2d. each, to unemployed men, which entitle them to a meal and a bed at a common lodging house in Hammersmith. This house is a proprietary one, conducted for profit.

Only Barnett knows the extent of the society's supposed benefactions. A recent investigation, however, elicited the fact that the average distribution of bed and meal tickets was only twenty a week.

And this at a time when the society was employing a number of commission collectors and was in receipt of a considerable weekly revenue.

The record of Barnett does not inspire confidence in any charity scheme he may foster. In his younger days, I find, the man was a practising solicitor. He was admitted as a solicitor in 1889, but fortune did not favour him and in 1903 he was made a bankrupt.

His discharge in bankruptcy followed a year later, after his estate had paid a *first and final dividend* of 2s. 2d. in the £.

In October, 1913, H. Augustus Barnett was struck off the rolls for professional misconduct, which involved an allegation of misappropriation of funds.

Beware!

Then in 1920 he was prosecuted for falsely representing himself as a solicitor and accepting business in that capacity. He was fined £10 and costs for that offence.

When not engaged in his precious charity enterprise, Barnett is a hanger-on at the police courts, where he tries to get into touch with people who will accept his introduction to solicitors.

Altogether, he is not the type of person to whom the public should entrust subscriptions and donations.

His precious Workless Aid Society serves no useful purpose whatever, and the sooner it is closed down the better.

HOT WATER

Homely Wisdom

by Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

A SMALL boy with whose reputation I possess some acquaintance has recently been giving his elders a bad scare. He had caught a cold and in consequence been kept at home from school and put to bed with a temperature.

This suited him exactly. He liked the fuss that was being made over him, the delicacies he was given to eat, and the comfortable time he was having generally. The longer it would continue the better he would be pleased.

Unfortunately for this desire of his, the doctor said there was not much the matter with him and that he would be all right the next day as his temperature was nearly normal. Hearing this verdict, the young imp thought of a plan to get round it.

His fond mother had given him a hot-water bottle to keep him nice and warm in the bed. Then she put a thermometer in his mouth to register the rise or fall of his temperature.

While she was busy about something else the crafty patient shoved the bulb of the thermometer against the hot water bottle and sent the mercury up almost to boiling point.

When the mother saw the figure she was nearly frantic. So was nearly everyone else in the household. It seemed to one and all that the poor boy must have fallen victim to some deadly infection that the doctor had failed to detect.

It was only when the doctor was hastily recalled and made a thorough re-examination of the youthful diplomatist that the facts came out and he was packed off back to school amid mingled scolding and laughter.

The doctor thinks that boy will get on in life, for he will not lack ingenuity in gaining his ends.

There are many grown-up people who make habitual use of hot water in a less innocent way. As a great writer has said, wherever they go pain follows. They take care not to hurt themselves if they can help it, which is exactly the course pursued by the child of whom I have told above; but they are not scrupulous about hurting other people.

They will trade on any weakness, any affection, any prejudices that they can turn to their own advantage. If they can make trouble for a rival they will make it without hesitation. A scandalous whisper here, a cruel suggestion there, a vile innuendo somewhere else, and perhaps they manage to get what they want—or perhaps they don't. They are detested and feared, but they are not loved.

Have you ever noticed how a person who is determined to get his own way manages to do it more often than not, although those who yield to him may hate him for it? A bully or an evil-tempered rogue, a selfish egotist, a callous brute, a cunning harpy will usually get the advantage over their more kind-hearted and conscientious neighbours.

They can do it because they are adepts at stirring up trouble, and because other people are afraid of them and shrink from getting in their way. Or it may merely mean that they are clever at circumventing and over-reaching wiser and better men and women.

Never envy them. Their petty triumphs are not worth while, gained as they are at the cost of losing the esteem and friendship of those who know them.

Some of the most unhappy persons in the world to-day are among the most outwardly successful. They have tricked and lied and scorched their way to power, but they have lost everything that is best worth winning in the process.

Let nothing ever lure you from the path of kindly affection and mutual trust. It is the path of peace.

WHAT'S WRONG

JOHN BULL heartily welcomes the announcement, made the other day at the British Hospital Association's Conference at Leamington Spa, that there is at last to be a full and comprehensive enquiry into the whole hospital system in this country.

We do so with very good reason, because weeks before this announcement was made, JOHN BULL had already begun its own enquiry, and the result of our investigations place beyond all question the urgent need for such a Committee of Enquiry as the British Hospital Association has now decided to set up.

Every aspect of hospital organisation is to come under the critical scrutiny of this Committee, but particularly is the investigation to be extended to the relation between one hospital and another and the adequacy of the service which all render to the public.

Sir George Newman (left), late Chief Medical Officer, condemns the muddle and rivalry among hospitals, as does JOHN BULL. *Lord Cozens-Hardy, Chairman of the Liverpool Voluntary Hospitals Commission is alive to the crying needs of our hospitals.*

Plain speaking

We do not doubt that as a result of this enquiry the future of our hospitals will, and must, undergo a radical change. And not before time.

There was some pretty plain speaking at the Association's Conference. Among others, Lord Cozens-Hardy, Chairman of the Liverpool Voluntary Hospitals Commission, told the assembled delegates that the 1,000 voluntary hospitals of this country, with all their long history of untold service to humanity and learning, were now facing speedy extermination, unless something was done to assist them to carry on their great work.

We could have provided Lord Cozens-Hardy with ample evidence to justify his assertion. Indeed, the evidence is to be found in the writing on the wall of almost every hospital, great and small alike—the constant call for funds if this or that hospital is to carry on, or extend its good work.

In the very forefront of our investigations we have kept the point, forgotten by many hospital authorities, that the patient is more important than the system.

But while we have tried to probe the tragedy of the present hospital system (and it *is* a tragedy) as it affects the individual patient, we have endeavoured also to discover the tremendous difficulties, internal and external, under which the hospitals labour, however willing they may be to alleviate the problems with which they are faced.

First ideal

In these enquiries our aim has not been so much to find cause to condemn the existing hospital system as to draw attention to certain urgent weaknesses, in the hope that these may be rectified and the system itself improved.

In this first article of our series we indicate the scope of our enquiry, point by point. We shall deal with each more amply in subsequent articles.

Let us first define our ground. The fundamental ideal of the hospital is the "open door." No man, however indigent, should be denied the right to the maximum of medical skill and knowledge applied just as speedily and efficiently to the relief of his suffering as that a rich man can afford. That was the ideal born when St. Bartholomew's of Rochester, the first hospital in the world, was founded in 1075, and it is just as alive to-day. But how far do we fall short of it?

Excluding the provision made by the State for the treatment of diseases which are its particular concern, such as infectious maladies and lunacy, there are about 1,850 hospitals in this country having a total of 215,000 beds—with which to serve the sickness and accident needs of a population of over forty millions!

Meagre total

Of this number of hospitals, 1,051 are voluntary hospitals supported almost entirely by the donations and bequests of the charitable. The balance of about 800 other hospitals, having about 140,000 beds, are rate supported.

This country has a total annual sickness bill, through treatment costs and loss of wages, of over £300,000,000. To cope with that bill, to accommodate that burden of human suffering, and to endeavour by preventive measures to reduce it, there is that miserable total of hospitals. For the financing of their work more than half of them must go cap in hand in the streets and market places. The ratepayer pays for the rest. The State, whose first responsibility is the well-being of its citizens, contributes nil, in either effort or money.

In addition, the voluntary hospitals, besides their work in the direct treatment of the sick and injured, are the main reservoirs of medical knowledge and teaching on which the country must draw for its supply of general practitioners and specialists, and on which the nation relies for advances in the never-ending fight against disease.

What chance then has the "open door" ideal of fulfilment under such conditions? And of what use is the "open door," if too few can get inside or if the door is held half closed by hospital poverty and administrative red tape? The burning question of hospital accommodation and overcrowding is based on the situation outlined in figures above. We shall deal with it by fact and example in subsequent articles.

But before leaving this point of inadequate hospital service and accommodation for the needs of the community, it is necessary to say this—a bad situation is made worse by the total lack of co-operation between hospital and hospital throughout the country. Particularly is this so between the voluntary hospitals and those run by local authorities. It is the rivalry between the two which has directly led to the creation of the new Committee of Enquiry.

Recent legislation has entirely changed the face and character of the old-style workhouse and council infirmary. With large rate-funds and grants behind them many of these institutions have provided themselves with the last word in equipment and service.

But in addition many of them are adopting means tests for patients and competing with the voluntary hospitals for paying patients. Somewhere in the scramble, the primary function of the hospital—to cater for the sick poor—is being lost.

Caustic speech

The lack of co-operation also means a tragic chaos in the apportioning of available bed accommodation. It is a common sight in some towns to find one hospital packed to the roof and with a waiting list of hundreds, and another two or more with ample empty beds.

That eminent authority, Sir George Newman, the late Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, supports this charge we make of hospital muddle and rivalry in a caustic speech delivered to a Voluntary Hospitals Conference last year:

"In some areas," he said, "there was even yet no real or effective consultation or co-operation between local authorities and the voluntary hospitals and their medical and surgical staffs . . . it could not take place until the voluntary hospitals of an area and their medical staffs had formed a representative committee, informed the local authority of its existence, *and were prepared jointly with authority to consider the institutional and hospital requirements of the district.*

"Such a body could not be created by the local authority or the Ministry of Health. It was for the voluntary hospitals themselves to establish it."

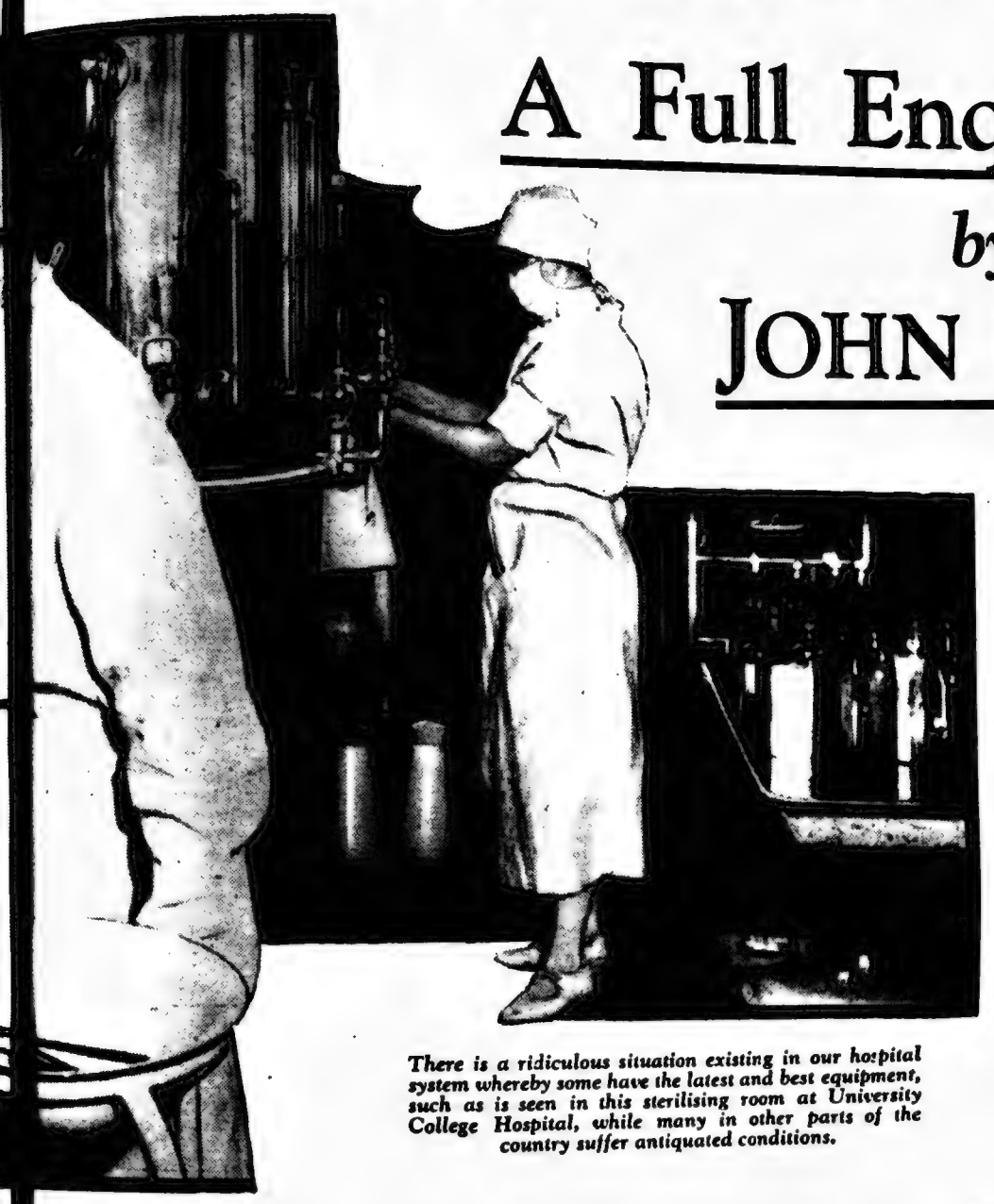
We have quoted Sir George Newman because though we might have given instance after instance of people pleading for admission to overcrowded hospitals, here is an official explanation of *one* cause of that chaos.

While there is this rivalry or this childish pretence of ignoring each other's existence between the voluntary and Public Assistance Committee hospitals there is bound to be further hardship added to the burden of the sick poor. Many overcrowded voluntary hospitals are compelled to turn away cases which are likely to last more than two or three weeks.

So much for the question of

...with the HOSPITALS

A Full Enquiry by JOHN BULL



There is a ridiculous situation existing in our hospital system whereby some have the latest and best equipment, such as is seen in this sterilising room at University College Hospital, while many in other parts of the country suffer antiquated conditions.

accommodation of people who desire admission to hospitals, and some indication of the factors which govern the present grievous lack of it. But just as important is what happens to a patient when he does secure admission? What treatment does he get? What can the hospital give him? What is it withholding or being prevented from giving?

We shall have a lot to say first about buildings and equipment. According to lists given in the Hospitals Year Book more than half the present voluntary hospitals were built during the early years of the last century. They have all the defects of their age and were designed at a time when architects knew very little about achieving hygiene with comfort.

Public suffers

Mostly they were dumped down in the centre of cities; factories and workshops have risen around them, and site values have soared to an extent which puts much-needed extension out of the question.

There are dozens of hospitals where only bed treatment is possible. Even with the wish and the money to instal equipment for special modern treatments which Science has given us, such as light therapy and various forms of diathermy and massage, they find that they cannot do so for lack of space. Sometimes, as at Bristol recently, they have to scrap the out-patients' department so that it can be turned into a mechanical treatment centre for the in-patients. In any case, the public suffers.

The staff have to run uneconomical rambling buildings, hard to keep clean and heat, and find the money to pay for such things with costs mounting yearly; and doctors and nurses have to do their best with sick patients under these century-old conditions. The public must suffer, either from inadequate service or treatment, in view of what is possible in the light of modern knowledge.

Big towns and little towns are equally badly off. The great voluntary hospitals of London alone stand in a class by themselves; in equipment and service they are unsurpassed, but it is a different tale in the Provinces.

Quite recently a Ministry of Health inspector who surveyed the hospital system of a wealthy city like Liverpool condemned it in his report—for antiquated buildings, overlapping, bad methods and extravagance.

A local Commission which was appointed to review this wholesale indictment could only confirm it. Facts from the Commission's report were that none of the municipal hospitals had an out-patients' department, most of the voluntary hospitals were housed in ancient buildings, and none was equipped to deal with any type of case, any day, as they should be in any big city.

Arising naturally out of adequacy of buildings, equipment and staff there follows the question of treatment of patients—and in revealing the results of our enquiry we propose to deal fully with this.

First, and because it is one of the most burning scandals of all, is the matter of out-patient treatment. There are good hospitals in this respect, where efficient organisation and the skilled use of funds at their disposal have done much to relieve the long and dreary ordeals of waiting for examination and treatment. But there are many which are very, very bad.

Few hospital executives deny the existence of waiting on so large a scale as to be a general scandal, and indeed the matter has been officially recognised by the appointment of a Special Committee of King Edward's Hospital Fund.

Of course, the hospitals that tolerate excessive waiting have their excuse in lack of staff and lack of money.

Grave figures

Another subject which touches the hospital system very closely is maternal mortality—at present one of our gravest national problems. While the great teaching hospitals and the few lying-in hospitals in the chief cities have reduced the mortality rates to negligible proportions, their wonderful record merely underlines the contrast between them and the situation in the country as a whole.

First and foremost there is the pitiful inadequacy of existing bed accommodation for expectant mothers. A host of modern conditions like malnutrition, due to unemployment, has created many more "difficult" cases in childbirth, but accommodation has failed to keep pace with the demand.

"An appendicitis case," said Prof. Amy Fleming, of the Royal Free Hospital recently, "is bundled off to hospital at once. But far more dangerous operations of childbirth have to be done in homes where there are no facilities, for lack of hospital maternity beds."

There are scores of crowded industrial areas without maternity accommodation at all. In one of the biggest mining areas of Yorkshire the nearest maternity hospital is twenty-five miles.

It was mentioned at a women's union conference a few weeks ago that a big port like Barry Docks had no beds for mothers even in the municipal hospital, and difficult cases had to be rushed in ambulances from hospital to hospital in towns miles away before accommodation could be found.

Where hospitals can take patients in, any sufficient degree of antenatal care and convalescence is often out of the question for lack of funds and proper organisation. A fortnight is usually the limit, and then the mother is turned out of hospital.

"For every 3,000 women who die in childbirth, another 5,000 die afterwards for want of proper care," declared a well-known obstetrician. There is an enormous burden of semi-invalidism among mothers which could be avoided with an adequate maternity hospital system.

While it is obviously not the function of JOHN BULL to criticise general medical treatment, there are some general aspects of it which must also be dealt with.

Like a parade

There is the question, for instance, of how much of the latest and best therapeutic methods is made available to hospital patients and the reasons why these are withheld. There are also smaller but important points of medical comfort where much criticism can be made. There are countless thousands of people who remember their stay in hospital with gratitude, and the memory of such comfort as any sick person can reasonably hope to have. But there are others who cannot.

Why should some hospitals be places of all-pervading kindness and humanity—and others that are little better than bleak prisons of suffering? Is it always necessary for patients to lie in parade ground order with sheets drawn tightly *beneath* their shoulders, submitting to Arctic draughts from windows above their heads which always *must* be open because it is the rule of the hospital?

Is it always necessary for operation patients recovering from an anæsthetic, with all its painful and stertorous aftermath, to be placed in the next bed to a patient who must himself undergo an operation the next day? Or a ward full of sick patients be treated to the spectacle of another dying in vocal agony?

Such matters were proper comment recently for such authorities as Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, the distinguished surgeon. We shall also have something to say on this point.

Lastly, in concluding our enquiry, we shall bring forward proposals which we believe are essential for the reconstruction of Britain's hospital system.

We shall not forget to indicate the part the State must play in this work—the State which, so far as this country is concerned, has always enjoyed a carefree lack of responsibility and has had its most vital service performed for it—for nothing.

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Round the World—

Mr. and Mrs. Turner and their son feed the sacred deer in the park at Nara, Japan

—on a "Bullet" (No. 3)

TO-DAY you reach quaint Japan and primitive China with the man who went round the world "on a Bullet"—Mr. C. H. Turner, of 6, Fairview Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham.

Next best to a personal visit is a perusal of the graphic diary he kept throughout the enthralling world cruise his wife won for her family, in addition to £1,000 and £5 a week pension, in a "Bullets" competition some months ago.

Here is the third instalment of his delightful picture of the world as he, his wife and grown-up son saw it.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23: Awake to find ship entering Hongkong, one of the most beautiful harbours in the world.

The quay is alive with coolies, wearing large conical hats and overcoats made of palm-leaves or straw, and the harbour with craft from warships down to native sampans.

As for one fine ship, the painters are busy giving her a fresh coat. Am told the cost of painting the 1-ft. wide blue line around her hull is £200.

Native junks are extraordinary craft.

Most have eyes painted on the prow to enable the vessel to "see" where it is going. The sails, the most tatterdemalion lot of rags I have ever seen, are often more hole than sail, but the owners think these let the "devils in the wind" go through!

On the sampans whole families live. They are almost a race apart and do not intermarry with other Chinese.

Many of their children have on a kind of "life-belt" in the form of a block of wood tied to their backs. When the child tumbles into the water, not infrequently, the mother fishes it out with a boathook and dumps it down to dry.

At a very fine shop kept by an Englishman there are three beautiful Chinese assistants who wear wonderful native dresses. It is a shock to be answered in the broadest American complete with twang.

THEY have been educated in the States!

Sunday, March 24: Driving round the "New Territories" on the mainland, under British rule, we see scenery just like Chinese prints.

After lunch three ladies ask for us. They are wives of soldiers stationed at the military hospital at Hongkong. They are "Bulleteers," and, having read of our success, call and offer their congratulations, bringing us a magnificent basket of carnations.

We entertain them to tea and then show them around the ship, which delights them.

Wednesday, March 27: Sailing for Shanghai—rolling considerably! Attendance at dinner very sparse.

Friday, March 29: For some hours the sea has been muddy yellow, due to the soil washed down by the River Woosung.

Now our tender threads its way through crowds of junks, all with the usual eye, to Shanghai.

We arrive at the famous "Bund" and disembark.

One striking feature is the use of man-power for haulage. It is cheaper to employ some half-dozen men to haul heavy loads than an animal.

Soon the city assumes a more Oriental aspect, and, our man losing the other cars, we are driven mainly in exclusively Chinese low-class quarters.

After a lot of perplexity, unable to understand where we are or make our driver understand us, we reach the famous Willow Pattern Tea House, in the middle of a small lake and approached by a zigzag marble bridge. Devils can only travel in straight lines and so are unable to traverse these bridges!

Many of our party take taxis or rickshaws to Yate Street, known as the Street of a Thousand Nighties and celebrated for silk and embroideries. We don't go, but much regret it when we see the bargains secured by others.

Monday, April 1: We make for shore on a lovely clear morning. With glasses we are just able to distinguish the sea end of the Great Wall of China.

Bound for Pekin, our train passes through country flat and of a dried-up yellow colour, as if no rain had fallen for months.

Mile upon mile is given over to graves, each marked by a cone-shaped hill. They are just everywhere. Furrows have to be steered round them. During 100 miles I don't think we are ever out of sight of them.

The railway authorities present each of us with a small enamel brooch or button bearing a welcome in Chinese.

Near Tientsin we pass several windmills, consisting of a circle of masts on which sails are mounted, which the wind blows round like a top.

And now Pekin, where my family has to share a room. There are three beds and a screen, so we raise no objection, especially as our windows overlook the roofs of the "Forbidden City."

Tuesday, April 2: A special train takes us to the Great Wall.

Owing to the bandit menace, we have armed guards posted at the entrance to each coach. Armed guards are also posted at stations and all along the line.

At Chunglungchaio we find sedan chairs and donkeys waiting to complete the last stage of the journey to the Wall. My wife has a chair carried on the shoulders of four men. My son and I have donkeys.

We travel in single file in the mountains. Armed guards march alongside our cavalcade. And so we reach the Great Wall.

It is certainly unique in history. Begun 240 B.C., as a defence against Mongolia and Manchuria, its breadth is such that five men can march abreast on its top, which is flanked at short intervals by fortress watch-towers.

We walk along the top for perhaps half a mile, mounting steep flights of stairs. At last we reach the highest point, seeing the snake-like line dwindling to a mere thread in the distance.

Wednesday, April 3: Driving through Pekin to the Summer Palace, we pass many interesting glimpses of native life, including two funerals and some strings of laden dromedaries.

The Palace itself is very beautiful, although falling into a somewhat dilapidated state owing to the lack of money now China is a Republic.

In many of the courtyards the lovely red lacquer of the pillars is peeling off, and grass is growing in the priceless tiles.

But the intricate carved woodwork, the bronze figures, grotesque guardian lions, carved marble steps and parapets blend into a delight. Peach trees and tulip trees are in flower, their delicate colouring against the grey stone courtyards supplying a last touch in the beauty of the whole scheme.

Next, rickshaws take us to the Forbidden City, during the most important period in Chinese history the residence of the Imperial Court. During that period no man dared set foot inside it without express permission, and all foreigners were rigorously excluded.

In the once sacred courtyards grass is growing between stones that echoed to the tread of noble ladies and famous generals and courtiers.

WE stand before the famous dragon throne. To do so formerly without prostrating oneself would be to invite instant decapitation.

What treasures still remain must be worth several millions of pounds.

This portion of the city bore the brunt of the Boxer rising. Here are grouped the Legations of all the leading Powers.

The Wagon Lits Hotel is the only one that is inside the Legation quarter, and during the civil warfare that is not infrequent in China there is a general invasion of this hotel by wealthy Chinese from outside. Even millionaires are glad to sleep in bathrooms or share a billiard table for sweet safety's sake.

Thursday, April 4: The Temple of Heaven!

Situated in the middle of a park where the emperor and his court attended once every year for the annual sacrifice of atonement on the Altar of Heaven, this must rank in memory with the Taj Mahal.

It stands on a terrace of white marble approached by a marble stair. The tiles are of deep Pekin-blue, and the first sight of it, framed in the dark-

(Continued on page 24)

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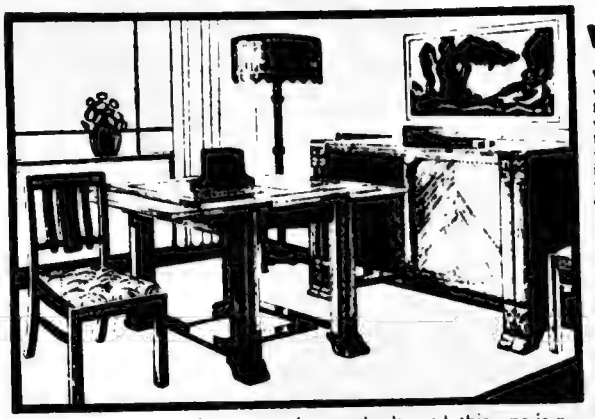

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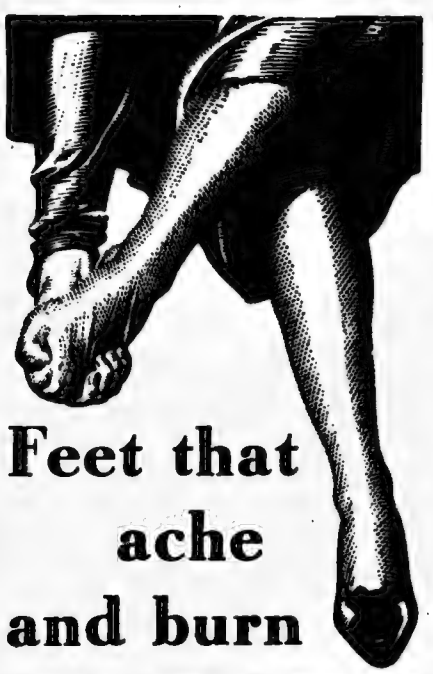

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Round the World on a 'Bullet'—(Continued from page 22)

ness of the entrance gate, takes away one's breath.

We inspect the Altar of Heaven, formerly the most sacred spot in China.

On this the Emperor, once a year, sacrificed for the atonement of the sins of the whole nation. A circular stone, where the Emperor stood, was regarded as the centre of the earth.

We visit many wonderful places to-day, perhaps one of the most interesting the Lama Temple, because it is still fulfilling its ancient functions.

It is really a series of temples enclosed by walls and situated in courtyards occupying an immense area. It is still served by priests who are under the supreme rule of the Dalai Lama in Thibet, and is the spiritual home in China of the "living Buddha."

In a courtyard are several pavilions hung around with what at first I take to be dirty linen. It proves to be "prayers" written on scraps of coloured or soiled white cloth or cotton.

Just within the gateway is a prayer-wheel operated by one of the monks.

A number of prayers are written on a wheel. For the payment of certain fees the priest turns the wheel once and the donor is then considered to have "prayed" all the prayers written thereon.

We see a service in progress. Five or six men are seated on the ground before a low table, facing a statue of wax-lit Buddha. They chant in a monotone and at intervals two of them raise and lower fans, whilst two others pour a fluid from a sort of teapot.

WE pass the Drum Tower, one of the oldest buildings in Pekin, just 99 ft. high. Evil spirits are compelled to fly at a height of less than 100 ft., which is the level at which all good spirits travel. So by making their ancient fortifications 99 ft. high the Chinese hold that they block the passage of the devils whilst allowing a clear foot for the passing of the good spirits.

We pass several strange funerals, for the Chinese are not buried when they die, but are put in thick coffins and kept in the house to await an auspicious day for the funeral, which may be several years.

It wouldn't do to bury a child before its father!

The wealthier Chinese send their dead to special hotels for the dead, where, for a fixed charge, they can be kept indefinitely. The poorer people keep the coffins in their homes.

Believing that the dead can enjoy the spiritual essence of material things, quantities of paper money (sham) are carried at funerals and also paper figures of men, horses, and motor-cars. The spirit can enjoy them in the future world if they are burnt at the graveside!

Friday, April 5: We entrain for Chinwangtao, a comfortable journey of about 6½ hours. Each person is presented by the railway company with a white rose in a little glass tube holder. Where on earth they manage to obtain white roses in China in April I cannot think!

Monday, April 8: And now—Japan!

We leave for Beppu in pouring rain and find some hundred or so school-children drawn up (under cover) to greet us, each with a tiny Japanese flag and singing with evident enjoyment.

Fire-crackers are also let off in our welcome.

The quay presents quite a colourful picture. Both men and women wear peculiar wooden sandals raised from the ground by two cross-pieces of wood some 3 in. deep and secured to the foot by straps. How they manage to walk and even run on these miniature platforms is a mystery.

Soon we land ourselves in a native bazaar, where the most exquisite little models of people, boats, etc., can be purchased for a few pence. We find the Japanese most courteous.

After a time one finds oneself unconsciously bowing as they do.

Mr. Aso, a wealthy Japanese, throws his house open for our inspection. The magnificent gardens abound in waterfalls and pools, nearly all of hot water. In them swim large goldfish, acclimatised to the high temperature.

Beppu being over a highly volcanic area, everywhere, even on the seashore, these hot springs abound, sometimes so near boiling that the whole district is enveloped in clouds of steam.

The house is typically Japanese, of one storey only, and the rooms divided off by sliding panels or screens covered with opaque paper. A few cushions take the place of chairs, and the table is only 6 in. above the ground.

Before entering we remove our shoes.

There are no bedrooms proper. During the day the bedding is kept stowed away in cupboards, and at night a bed is made up on the floor of any room that happens to be convenient.

The tiled baths are filled with natural hot spring water.

Soaping operations must be carried out well away from the bath and all traces thoroughly removed by rinsing before one's body is allowed to enter the water.

The reason is that not many houses are as fortunate as Mr. Aso in having a natural supply of hot water.

A bath has to be heated. This is done by placing a tub of water, just large enough to sit in with the knees drawn up under the chin, over a fire.

THAT done, first father, then mother, then the children in order of age, and lastly the servants, all enter the same water in order to economise.

In the public baths both men and women bathe together entirely without costume. This I can vouch for from personal observation.

The water is so hot, however, that the entire bath is enveloped in a cloud of steam, and this serves as a sufficient screen!

Next we see geisha dancing.

The geisha dancers are mostly quite young girls and are very picturesque. But the most extraordinary thing about their appearance is the hair. This is a coiffure that entails some four or five hours of work.

In order not to disturb this creation, which is traditional, they sleep without pillows, but keep their heads raised from the ground by curved wooden neck-rests!

Thursday, April 11: After an early breakfast, we take train to Kyoto, a former capital of Japan, and where the emperors are still crowned.

From our bedroom window we have a view of a perfect sea of cherry blossom.

The dining-room opens on a lovely Japanese garden in which water cascades down from the rocks above into a pool in which are dozens of giant gold and silver fish.

Visiting the Royal Palace, we are escorted not only by our own guide, who entreats us to "behave good," but also by palace attendants, who permit no loitering nor deviation.

We visit another shrine surrounded by a grove of the most lovely cherry blossom, some of the "weeping" variety.

Returning to find there has been a wedding, we see the bride.

Everyone is in black, the formal dress for weddings in Japan, white being reserved for funerals. In accordance with Japanese tradition, the bride walked and stood with head bent and eyes downcast, so we had no very clear view of her features.

Friday, April 12: In the early morning my wife loses jade stone from a ring purchased at Pekin. Management promises to have a thorough search made for it.

We take rickshaws to various places of interest, and at 11 a.m. entrain for Nara, which comprises the remains of a one-time capital city, situated in an ancient deer park. Trees centuries old shade red lacquer shrines guarded by battalions of old stone lanterns and courtyards wherein lovely deer roam fearless and unmolested.

The deer have existed there ever since the beginning of the Christian era. Women sell thin rice wafers for which the deer will follow you about, nuzzling your pockets for tit-bits.

EVERY afternoon a meal of sweet potatoes is laid out in rows in the grounds. The deer are hidden: not one is in sight. Suddenly a bugle sounds, and from all sides they come, in hundreds, stampeding across the grass for the food.

After seeing a sacred dance, we visit largest bronze Buddha in the world.

Near by is a huge bronze bell which is rung by pulling back a log of wood with a chain and letting it fall against the rim of the bell.

Next we witness a performance of the Japanese "No" plays; short ones, lasting perhaps ten minutes, and based on simple legends.

There is no scenery. The actors are all of the male sex. They do not rely at all on facial expression, but use masks to portray their parts.

The evening we spent shopping. There are two kinds of "shopping," buying and looking. Ours is mostly of the latter variety. And next day we sail for Kobe.

Sunday, April 14: Look out to find ship just outside Yokohama Harbour, the port for Tokio.

There is a pearly, misty light over the sea and a considerable fishing fleet is just putting out, making a lovely picture with their quaint squarish sails outlined against the pearly dawn sky.

AND then—Tokio.

We are taken for a drive round the city, skirt the moat surrounding the Imperial Palace, and see the bridge at the main entrance, but are not allowed a close view.

While having tea we see some tall masts gliding close to our porthole.

Looking out we are delighted to see the cruiser H.M.S. *Kent* just alongside us. We are in time to see her berthed.

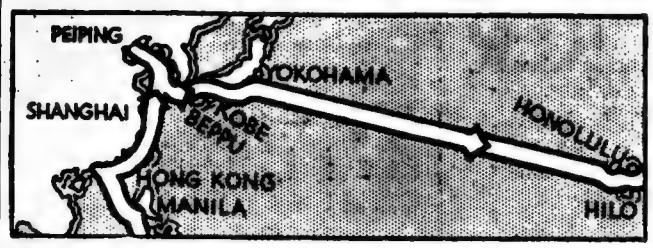
She has come in for one night only to fetch the British Ambassador, who is going on a holiday. It's fine to see the British flag flying, and the efficient manner in which all the landing operations are carried out.

Monday, April 15: Rising early, see the *Kent* depart, with band playing. She makes a lovely sight with the little sloop *Falmouth* escorting her.

Driving round Yokohama we reach some private gardens wherein are beautiful flowering cherries and other trees, a lake, a pagoda, several small Japanese bamboo houses, and a little shrine containing an image before which is a

(Continued on page 38)

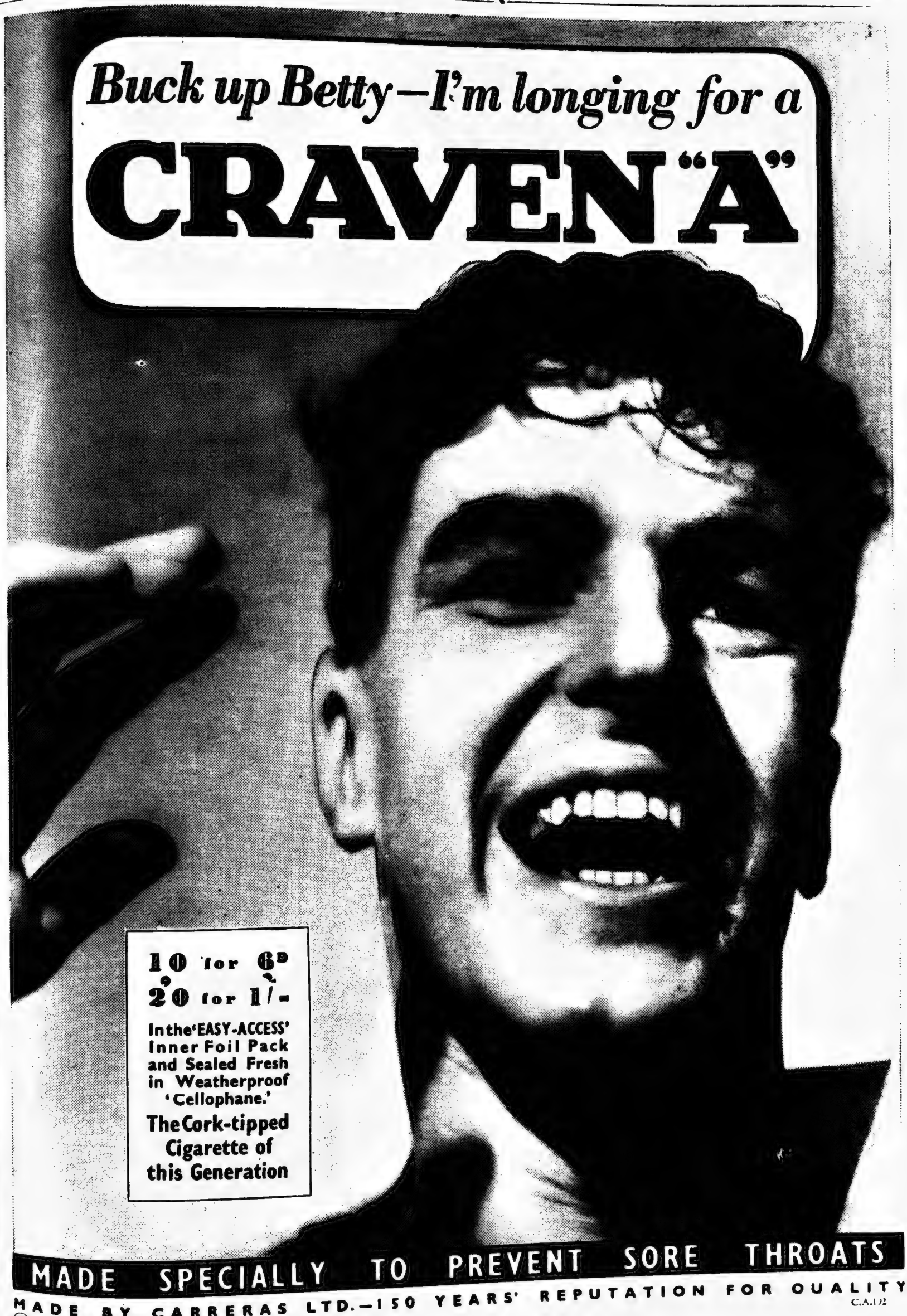
Mr. Turner, on the "Empress of Britain," heading for further adventures!



The third stage of the world tour

Buck up Betty—I'm longing for a

CRAVEN "A"



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HUMAN DOCUMENTS PROBED BY PHILIP INMAN

News of a big new job cannot bring joy to husband and wife . . . if it means a new sort of life which will not suit both. "Devotion to each other must come first"

LOVE—or Ambition?

IN the play, "Clive of India," young Clive, then a clerk in the East India Company, is proposing to Margaret Maskelyne. He pleads with her by saying, "One day you will have an estate in the country, a house in Berkeley Square, and they will call you 'my lady.'" "And have you nothing else to offer?" Margaret asks plaintively. "Nothing," replies Clive, "except myself, if that will be anything." A new light comes into her eyes. "That will be everything," she tells him.

This incident came into my mind when I read a letter from a girl correspondent. Here it is:—

"I have been engaged for four years to one of the straightest boys on earth, and we are to be married in September. He is a fully-qualified chemist, and hopes one day to have a business of his own. During the last few months I have been assailed by doubt as to whether we shall be as happy as I always hoped to be. You see, he is terribly ambitious, and all his thoughts seem to be centred on his work.

"Many a time, particularly recently, he has stayed late at the shop when he had arranged to take me out, although there was no reason for him to do so. What is more, he never talks about our home life together, and when we decided on the house to live in, he left me to make all the arrangements with the building society. I have tried to get him interested in the furniture we are buying, but he says, 'That is your job. You make the choice and anything you like will suit me.' I am terribly afraid that his work will always come first, and in consequence I shall be neglected. And though I love him dearly, I wonder if I ought to marry him, feeling as I do?"

The old proverb says, "It takes two to make a quarrel." It certainly takes two to make a marriage. That prospective union seems to be a very one-sided affair.

I am wondering whether he is really keen on this wedding—whether, in fact, he is the marrying type at all. It may be, of course, that after a four years' engagement, he thinks it is his duty to marry the girl. Now duty is a fine quality, but married life demands more than that.

"Have you nothing else to offer?" the girl asked Clive. And my correspondent might ask a similar question. I advise her to have a frank talk with her young man. "I admire you for your ambition," she should say, "I want you to succeed, and because I love you dearly I am anxious to help you in every possible way. But if we are to be happy, I must come first in your life, as you do in mine. Devotion to work must give place to devotion to each other."

HERE is another case where ambition is playing havoc with two lives. This time the problem gives the man's side of the picture:—

"I shall be glad if you will kindly advise me what to do. I have been married more than twenty years, and by hard work have prospered greatly. Now I am finding myself rather heavily handicapped by my wife's disinclination to keep step with me.

"I am afraid this is largely due to indifference. We have no family and she has let herself go mentally as well as physically. She has never taken much interest in outside affairs, will rarely accompany me anywhere, has no hobbies, and is, in fact, exactly the same country girl I married twenty years ago. She is a good wife and I love her dearly, but I would give much to alter her in this one respect

"We are both just over forty and I have now had offered to me the post of manager in our largest provincial branch. This will mean a good deal of entertaining, but my wife doesn't like the idea, and asks why I can't be content with what I have She asks nothing better than her little suburban home, while I am ambitious and want to make still greater progress.

"Now she says that 'if I am set on it she will try to do her best if I will let her keep 'in the background.' I point out that this is impossible, that she is my wife, not my housekeeper, and I shall want her help. She is quite unfitted for any sort of society, I fear, unless she makes a very great effort to adjust herself to our altered circumstances.

"My firm is most anxious for me to accept this post. I have been with them all my life, and do not want to let them down. Ought I, then, to stay where I am or to embark on this new career and condemn my wife to a life in which she will be unhappy and ill at ease. I have told my wife I am writing to you."

I am glad to read that last line because I hope what I have to say will help them both. This man has worked hard and has justified the confidence of his employers. In appreciation of the past and in anticipation of the future, they have offered him a still more important appointment. If he does not accept it they may misunderstand his motive and the chance is not likely to come again.

What is more, he himself is most anxious to take it. But his wife is raising all kinds of objections. I think she is wrong. Many a woman would be thankful to be in her place. Let her remember these facts. Her husband has not neglected her for his work.

He has desired to take her about with him, but he says, "She will rarely accompany me anywhere." He might have left her to her own devices and gone his own way forming other associations He has not done so, because he "loves her dearly." Now is her opportunity to prove her love for him. She may say, "I can't help it—I am of a reserved disposition. I hate the idea of making changes."

It has been said that you "can't alter a person's nature." That may be true. But it is possible to overcome weaknesses in her make-up. People are doing it every day of their lives. And this woman can do so too. She can rid herself of that inferiority complex. She can say, "I can and I will."

Let her go with her husband to one or two social functions. Let her cultivate friendship with others. Let her read a few good books. These things will broaden her outlook, and she will come to wonder why she allowed the prospect to worry her so much. What is more, she will have the knowledge of her husband's love and companionship. The fact that he needs her help should spur her on. And in his contentment she will, I believe, find her own.

And here is the same kind of problem from still another angle. In this letter the wife complains of the complete lack of ambition in her husband.

"We have been married ten years," she says, "and have two children, a girl of eight and a little boy of five. My husband is the assistant manager in the local branch of multiple grocers and has held this position ever since we were married. A few months ago the manager was promoted, and I thought my husband would get his job, but another man was brought in over his head.

"I happened to say to a friend that I thought it was unfair, and she replied 'Oh, Charlie's got no push in him, and they know it.' I'm afraid that's only too true. He never made any protest at the time and took it all as meekly as a lamb. I suppose I ought to be thankful that he's a steady man—neither drinks nor smokes—but I do wish he had more grit in him and would fight for himself. If he got promotion it would make such a difference to the future of our children."

There are some men who know their limitations. Happy and contented in a subordinate position, they are perfectly miserable when called upon to take full responsibility. "Some are born to lead, others to follow." This man may be one of that type.

IT would be a mistake to hoist him out of his depths. Far better leave well alone. If, however, he has the desire and ability to do greater things he should bestir himself. He owes that to his wife and children. Let him make application to his firm for a manager's position. It may be that they feel he is content to remain where he is. And a little "push" would bring his claims to their notice.

After all, his years of service as an under manager entitles him to consideration when promotion is available.

To all my readers let me say just this: Ambition is like fire—a splendid servant but a bad master. Happy is the man who can achieve his desires without losing his noblest dreams.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

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A Woman's Despair

"I really got sick and tired of people telling me how ill I looked," states Mrs. J. Taylor, of 5, Gidlow Houses, nr. Wigan. "I not only looked ill, I felt ill. I was almost too weak to walk upstairs, and suffered terribly from breathlessness and palpitation.

"I was so pale and waxy looking that nobody needed telling I was anæmic. Life was a misery to me, and I despaired of ever getting better. Then one day my husband brought home a box of Dr. Williams pink pills, and I started taking them. I soon felt brighter and more energetic; my appetite picked up, my colour returned, and I continued to improve until now I feel splendid."

The results obtained from these pills may seem wonderful, but there is a scientific reason behind it. In simple language it is this: Dr. Williams brand pink pills actually create new, rich blood, and this new blood coursing through the veins revitalises all the tissues of the body.

If you suffer from anæmia, nervous debility, rheumatism, indigestion, or any ailment due to poor blood, start taking Dr. Williams pink pills and see what a wonderful difference they will make—but ask for Dr. Williams; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.).

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the system in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

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MURDER PETITIONS —the TRUTH

A LARGE number of well-meaning people have been working with almost unprecedented intensity at Bournemouth in the last fortnight getting signatures for the reprieve of a condemned murderer.

No fewer than 300,000 names have been put before the Home Secretary, sufficient to take up a year of his time if he were to read them with more than cursory interest. The bulk of the paper both dwarfs him and outweighs him.

Yet it will not—cannot—affect the fate of George Percy Stoner, the young chauffeur convicted in the Rattenbury case of the murder of his employer.

If the condemned man is reprieved it will not be because of those 300,000 signatures. It will be quite safe to say that the result would have been just the same if the number of signatories had totalled only three.

For the plain fact of the matter is that mere weight of numbers cannot influence in the slightest degree the Minister whose duty it is either to invoke the Royal clemency or decline to do so.

It is one of the elements of British liberty that all such cases must be considered coldly and impartially by a Secretary of State who cannot, in the very nature of things, be influenced in such a way.

The remarkable thing is that the millions of people who have signed such petitions in the past have not realised the truth of this for themselves, seeing that Home Secretaries often appear to be uninfluenced by petitions bearing hundreds of thousands of signatures when they will sometimes recommend reprieves when only a few score people crave this act of mercy.

There was the case of Bywaters, sentenced to death with Edith Thompson for the murder of the woman's husband. More than a million people petitioned for his reprieve—a record. Yet he was duly hanged.

If you should think that that was a direct affront to a million citizens, bear in mind that in the case of the woman there was no such monster petition. Perhaps it was thought—if it was, it proved to be wrong—that the law would hesitate to hang the woman.

Why should a Home Secretary have saved the man because of the energy displayed by outside people in preparing his huge petition, while hanging the woman because such action was thought unnecessary in her case?

Even more pointed proof that numbers don't matter was afforded in the case of a man named Huggett, sentenced to death in 1932 for the murder of his sweetheart in a fit of jealousy.

Huggett, faced by a judge in the dreaded black cap, had a pathetic desire to be hanged to join the woman he had killed. There was no big weight of public opinion behind the reprieve petition prepared for him. "I shall die loving her," he told the late Mr. Justice Avory. "And if it is true that we shall meet on the other side, I shall be glad to die."

YET the Home Secretary had no hesitation in recommending Royal clemency, for the simple reason that the facts presented to him in the prisoner's favour in the quiet calm of his room at the Home Office seemed to call for it.

Against that there was the stir over Mrs. Major, hanged for poisoning her husband. There were not only monster petitions, but there was marching and counter-marching in Hull. The Lord Mayor put desperate telephone calls through to London.

The unfortunate Home Secretary was faced with special appeals from women because Mrs. Major was a woman, special appeals from mothers because she was a mother, and endless appeals for seasonal good will on the grounds that Christmas was approaching.

All this notwithstanding, he declined to take the step which was called for by public clamour. In the quiet of that room of his he couldn't see a single point in the woman's favour. There rarely is in the case of a poisoner.

More than 300,000 names are in these packages, the petition presented to the Home Secretary on behalf of Stoner. But numbers do not count . . .

THE Home Office once received a petition consisting of a single sheet, and that not filled. And the man's life was spared. That man had resisted years of bitter goading before he struck the fatal blow.

Yet dozens of petitions bearing from 50,000 to a million names have proved to be the sheerest waste of time and money.

Consider the position of a Home Secretary. There will be fewer monster petitions if more people do.

On his office desk there is a long, white card. When sentence of death is passed a new name is written on it. When sentence is carried out, a thin red line is drawn through it.

In the meantime there arrives the petition. Ministers have even given up their Bank Holidays to await those petitions, prepared to hear anything new in a condemned man's favour, although not the slightest bit interested in how many people can be got to sign by way of emphasis.

If he weighed the petition in a scale, what poor justice that would be. Yet that is what certain people would have him do.

Instead he reads through the report of the case formulated by the Home Office. In that report are facts presented by defending and prosecuting counsel and other people. All matters calling for clemency, no matter how remote, are included in it, especially those circumstances that could not be admitted at the trial.

GREAT provocation, mental abnormality, the terrible driving impulse of revenge. For such things as these does a Home Secretary seek, anxious to get within the mind of the murderer as it was at that fatal moment.

He looks at the public petition, yes. But as he does so he remembers how hundreds of thousands of people signed on behalf of one man because he had a relative in the kinema industry who was able to collect the name of almost every picturegoer in the town, and how the churches throughout a whole county were used in this way on behalf of a man who murdered his sister.

What are these petitions after all? Since we permitted appeal against a sentence of death they have to a great extent become redundant.

Before that petitions could raise points of law, but to-day, with the Court of Criminal Appeal attending to that, they merely attempt to invoke the Royal prerogative of mercy.

That right to petition, which is 250 years old, not only enables a convicted man to petition on behalf of himself but his friends to do so on his behalf.

But—and this is a fact we forget in these days of monster petitions—the law does not regard those people who sign without any personal knowledge of or acquaintance with the criminal as being within that category.

"Tumultuous petitioning"—and some of our present-day petitioning is little else—was made an offence in the days of Charles II, the penalty for repairing to the King and either or both of the Houses of Parliament accompanied by more than ten people being a penalty not exceeding £100 and three months' imprisonment.

However, it was provided that it is not an offence for persons not exceeding ten to present any public or private complaint to the King or any Member of Parliament.

TO-DAY there is a statutory obligation on the Home Secretary to consider any petition that may be presented to him on behalf of a criminal. It can only be in the nature of an appeal to the Sovereign through the Minister.

But the Minister looks for something more than mere numbers, knowing that most petitioners have no knowledge at all about a case and certainly cannot judge guilt or innocence from newspaper reports. Cold words in print cannot convey an adequate impression. The jury sees the demeanour of a witness or of the accused himself in the witness-box.

Therefore don't blame a Home Secretary merely because he refuses to recommend a reprieve for which hundreds of thousands of people are signing. It may only be the result of energetic and organised canvassing.

One word in the privacy of the Home Secretary's office may do more than tens of signatures in saving a man. And sometimes it has been the prosecuting counsel, even the judge himself, who has said that word

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

EVENING NEWS (PORTSMOUTH):—"The jewellery consisted of three BREECHES from a tiara."

CHESTER CHRONICLE:—"The coffin REMARKED in church overnight."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"MINE weather favoured the one-day fixture at Windsor."

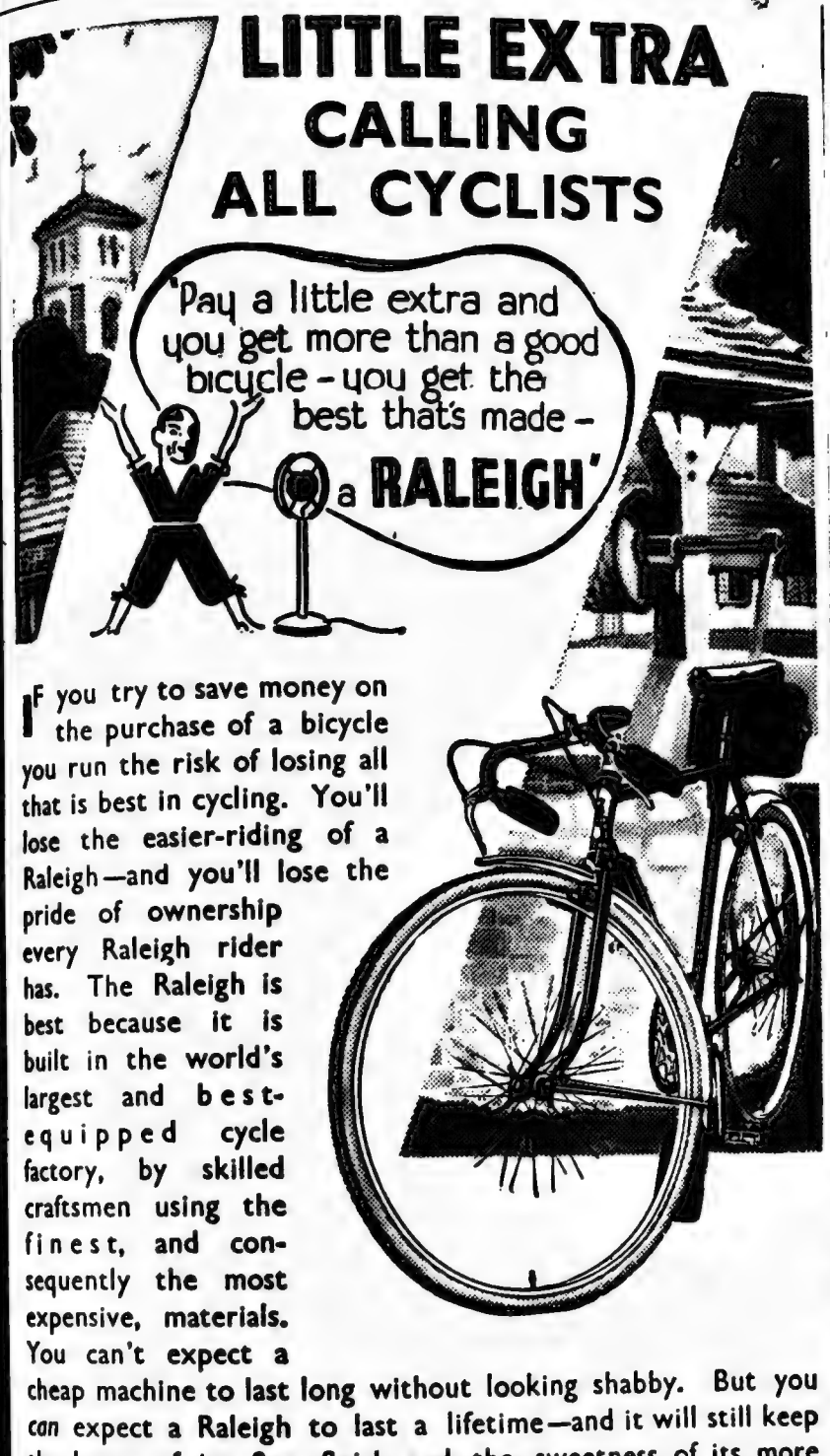
THE TIMES:—"7.30: Custom and Conduct, Part 1; Forces that mould our LIVER."

THE BRIDLINGTON FREE PRESS:—"There were no ETERNAL marks of violence."

CIVIL AND MILITARY GAZETTE:—". . . and 95 PRETTY officers and seamen."

DERBY DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"A shower of GAS struck our windows."

LITTLE EXTRA CALLING ALL CYCLISTS



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Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean, and heal raw, sore Kidneys. Cystex starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex is guaranteed to cure you or money back. Only 3/- from Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists, or Williams, 81, Lamb's Conduit-st., W.C.1. (JB)

You Can Avoid INDIGESTION

Many sufferers believe that indigestion is unavoidable. While it is true that modern life, with its rush and worry, places a tremendous strain on the digestion, it is positively not necessary to accept indigestion as inevitable.

Modern medical science has worked wonders in relieving suffering, and indigestion is easily avoided by taking 'Milk of Magnesia.'

For stomach troubles: indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, sick headache and acidity; for furred tongue and nausea there is no finer remedy than 'Milk of Magnesia.'

The relief it gives is marvellous—instantaneous! And remember 'Milk of Magnesia' is absolutely harmless. It does its wonderful work by assisting nature. It neutralizes the harmful acids and gently eliminates the fermenting poisons from the system. Doctors prescribe it extensively.

Next time you have indigestion take 'Milk of Magnesia.'. You will be delighted at the comfort it brings. Be careful to ask for '*MILK* of Magnesia.' There is nothing "just as good."

1/3 per bottle. 2/6 treble size.
Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. In Handy Tin — Compact and Thin. 1/- per box — also family size bottle 2/-; of all chemists

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

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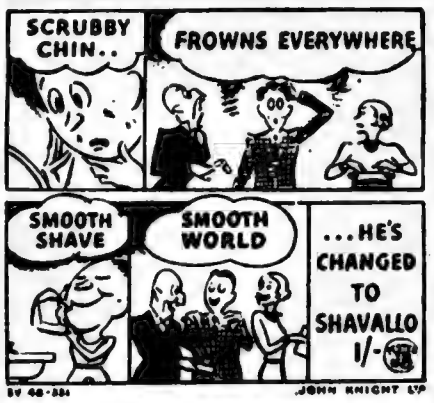

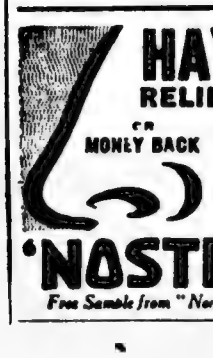

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'NOSTROLINE'
Free Sample from "Nostroline" J 30, Clifton, Bristol.

80,000 Good Samaritans

LITTLE Princess Elizabeth stood on a top step of venerable St. Paul's recently, surrounded by a mighty crowd such as she had never seen before in her short life.

Millions had travelled from all over Britain, had stood for hours, and at that moment were enduring all the discomforts of heat and jostling, to catch sight of their King and Queen on their drive to the Cathedral for their Jubilee thanksgiving service

It was into the heart of that vast multitude that the young Princess was gazing with awe and not a little fear while awaiting the coming of the King and Queen.

"Now there's a soldier gone!" she said. "Now there's a lady. Now there's a policeman. Now a big man in a cap."

And not until they had listened to her for a full two minutes did her mother and the Queen of Norway realise that she was counting the people as they fainted.

Word of comfort

Her alarm growing with each fresh case of collapse, a man in a neat dark uniform felt it was time to set her at ease. He told her to notice that the fainting people were being looked after by men in uniform identical with his own, assisted by a lot of nice nurses. "They'll soon be well and strong again," he added.

"Oo, I *am* glad," was her relieved reply to that.

Who were those busy men and women who worked so strenuously on behalf of suffering humanity in the Jubilee crowds? You must have noticed them if you were there. You cannot have failed to see them everywhere where people jostle and fight for a view.

They were members of the Brigade and Nursing Divisions of the St. John Ambulance Association. Those brigades alone number 80,000 ambulance officers, sisters and men to-day, in addition to nearly 3,000 doctors.

No fewer than 4,500 of them travelled up to London in obedience to orders and looked after those Jubilee crowds. They paid their own fares and other expenses without a single exception. In many cases they wore uniforms they had bought themselves, and utilised bandages and other surgical and medical requisites bought out of their own salaries.

They did this without any hope of a penny piece as reward. Yet people have even told the Sub-Prior of our parent body, Major-General the Earl of Scarbrough, that they always thought our men and women were paid.

Self-sacrifice

You've only to remember that the men in the familiar black and white-striped uniforms include business directors and clerks, railwaymen, colliers, factory workers, engineers and tramwaymen alike, and that among the nurses in black and grey uniforms women of title rub shoulders with shop assistants and hard-working housewives to realise the self-sacrifice entailed in the majority of cases.

In many cases they spend money they can ill afford—in the case of business men time they can't really spare—to further the great and humane work that is nearest their hearts.

I know of out-of-work men who keep up their ambulance work. They'll cheerfully supply an injured millionaire at a race-meeting with a bandage bought out of their own slender resources, adding their own expert treatment.

Not even our doctors will take a farthing for their work—if it is done while on ambulance duty.

The formation of the Brigade is a romance in itself. It was started nearly fifty years ago by a few men and women trained in first-aid and home nursing, who, under the auspices of the St. John Ambulance Association, obtained certificates of efficiency.

Soon they were making their appearance where the crowds were thickest. Then one day they offered their services to the then Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, and he accepted.

There was police and public misgiving at first, but so well did they do their jobs that the Commissioner asked them to keep up the good work—and so the St. John Ambulance Brigade was born.

To-day we can say that the number of patients carried in our ambulances goes into millions. In some cases men have bought those ambulances out of their own scanty earnings. In others they have built them up on chassis with their own hands.

Arrow wounds!

We have something like 20,000 members overseas, spread out among our Dominions and Colonies. Quite recently they treated spear and arrow wounds in Africa, heat-stroke in Australia, frost-bite in Canada and earthquake injuries in New Zealand.

The Chinese have paid tribute to our men and women. During the fighting the Brigade at Hong Kong went into the field complete with motor ambulance and surgical and medical appliances and treated thousands of men who might not have had treatment otherwise, saving hundreds of lives.

Here at home, perhaps, their work cannot be quite so picturesque. But there is plenty to do.

At great national celebrations, sporting events of all kinds, cinema and theatre performances, wherever there are crowds and the dangers attendant on crowds, you will find our men and women at their posts of duty.

In coal mines, great engineering works, factories of all kinds, wherever there is danger from gas or fire, or machine, you will find works' units. One did wonderful work in the Wrexham colliery disaster.

I was told of an ambulance man who, at the end of a busy day, shouted across to a colleague with as much enthusiasm as if he had received a legacy: "What a day! Nine faints and a fractured femur!" Laughable—but what a spirit it reveals.

Then how often people tell us jokingly that it is good to be a St. John's man or woman, because you get in the front row.

You do, of course. But it is just when the King is driving past, or while the crucial goal is being shot, or when the long-distance record-breaking aeroplane touches ground, that the crowd presses forward. That is when the ambulance worker must look not at the focus of public attention, but away from it. That's when his biggest work begins.

He can wait in the rain all day—on the front row, most certainly—and then see nothing!

The rush of living is giving us much more work to do.

One of the most valuable of our developments is the Road Service. That provides a first-aid station at all dangerous cross-roads. Then our members are regularly patrolling the notorious death-mile known as Terror Road, near Sale, and other roads with an equally unenviable reputation.

The number of road casualties dealt with each week is astounding.

For some time the headquarters staff has been busy teaching members all the precautions and duties they should know if, unhappily, our little isle is ever bombed by enemy aircraft.

In the front

To our ambulance and nursing divisions would fall the major portion of the rescue work of our civilian population in such an eventuality, and as for the care of our soldiers—the St. John Ambulance service forms the nucleus of the Military Hospital Reserve of the R.A.M.C., in case of war, when it also supplies thousands of fully trained personnel for the Naval Sick Berth Reserve.

Our men did fine service during the South African War, and during the Great War something like 50,000 of our men and women saw service overseas, to say nothing of the far bigger number rejected for active service by reason of age or health, who carried on with their work at home.

And now we have letters conveying the thanks of the King and Queen and the Duchess of York for our Jubilee work.

If those pioneers of fifty years ago could come back and see our work to-day, what a surprise they would get!

It would not surprise them that so many of the public do not seem to realise what a debt of gratitude they owe to the men and women who find their way to the front row of every crowd, and yet rarely manage to see anything.

It was always like that!

Always in the front of the crowd, but to serve, not watch!

by

Joe Grossman

Officer of the Order of St. John

7,280 MILES ON A DUNLOP SPRITE WITHOUT A PUNCTURE!

"Dear Sirs,

In June 1934 I fitted one of your Sprite Tyres. It has now done 7,280 miles (actually checked by Cyclometer) and has never let me down. I have replaced it with another Sprite, of course.

The Sprite is everything you claim it to be, and is quite definitely the Tyre for the discriminating cyclist.

In my opinion, the Sprite is the fastest and liveliest Tyre in its class for the cyclist who requires reliability and speed."

THE FASTEST, LIGHTEST, & LIVELIEST
fully vulcanised, wired-type tyre in its class—the
DUNLOP SPRITE CYCLE TYRE
In two sizes: 26" x 1¼" and 26" x 1¾"
COVER . . . 7/6 TUBE . . . 2/6

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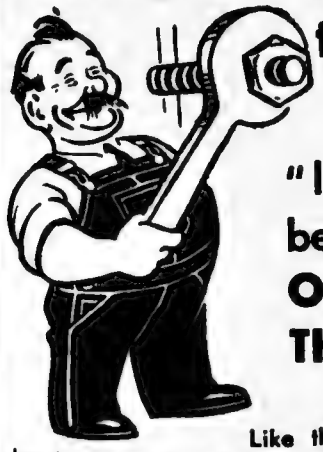
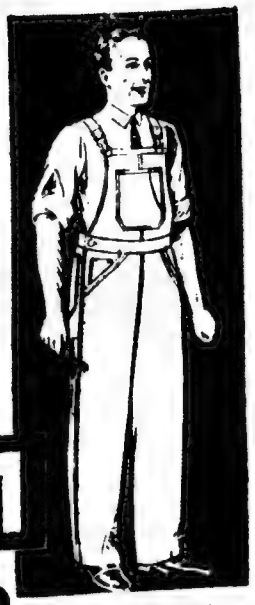
"I've got my 'nut' screwed on the right way too!"
says BOLENIUM BILL



"I always wear BOLENIUMS because they are the BEST OVERALLS—THEREFORE THE CHEAPEST!"



Like thousands of others he has discovered that a few pence more spent on an honest-quality article save as many shillings for him in the long run. Boleniums are far cheaper in the long run because they last many times longer than others. Bend, tug and twist as much as your job demands, the tough closely-woven dirtproof material and double-sewn seams will take the strain. Wonderful non-slip buckle—exclusive to Boleniums—easily fixed and always stays put. Buttons detachable for washing, pockets just where most handy, and all sorts of little points that study your convenience.

ASK YOUR OUTFITTER or write for name of nearest stockist, to BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. t), Upton Park, London, E.13.

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OVERALLS OF EVERY KIND
Worn by the man who knows!

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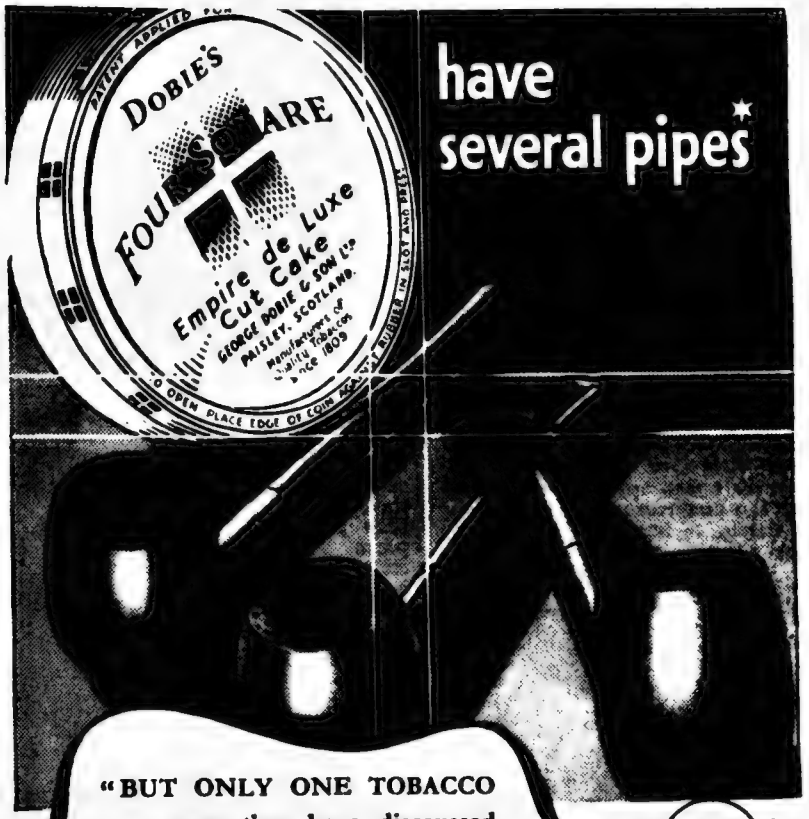
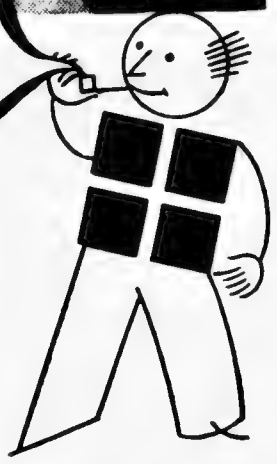
Wise men



have several pipes*

"BUT ONLY ONE TOBACCO . . . once they have discovered which of FOUR SQUARE'S fine blends they prefer!"



★*PIPE HINT: Keep two or three pipes going and get better smoking and longer life from each. Clean out a foul pipe with a pipe-cleaner dipped in methylated spirit and let it rest for a month or two.*

Empire Mixture (Green Squares)	10½d.	Ripe Brown (Brown Squares)	11d.
Curlies (Purple Squares)	10½d.	Original Mixture (Blue Squares)	1/2½d.
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Sold in the new easy-to-open 1-oz. airtight tin. All blends are Medium Strength.

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Quality Tobaccos

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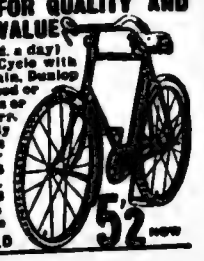

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At the first sign of soreness, irritation, or watering of the eyes, treat them with Singleton's. This soothing, safe and healing eye salve will bring immediate relief. **In constant use** throughout the world **for over 300 years**, the test of time above is proof of the wonderful curative powers of this sure and genuine remedy. **Use Singleton's for Eye Strain, Styes, Ulcers, Weak and Watery Eyes, etc.**

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Avoid this unspoken criticism about *your* lavatory

Will friends ever think you careless about your lavatory? They won't if you use Harpic. Without any unpleasant brushing you can make sure that your lavatory pan will be spotlessly white, free from all germs and odours. Just sprinkle Harpic at night — it sweeps right round the bend in the pipe where the brush cannot reach. The best time to use Harpic is last thing at night, when it can work undisturbed for several hours. Don't keep dangerous acids in the house — use Harpic. In NEW EASY-FLOW TIN. Prices 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

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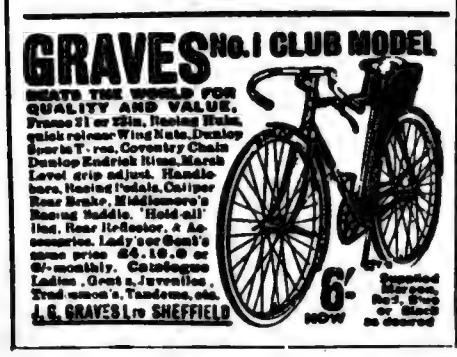

Making the Perfect Father

BABY has found a new friend and ally. He is going to be a very important person during National Baby Week, which begins on Monday.

His name is Father.

Fathers are going to hold meetings during the great week. They are no longer furtive about fatherhood like the men of a generation ago, who regarded a perambulator as a sign of servitude. They are going to discuss subjects which most mothers of twenty years ago wouldn't have understood.

Without deliberately setting themselves out to show their wives the way, they are going to prove that fathercraft is quite as important in these days as mothercraft.

In short, they are going to show that the days when fathers assumed an air of patriarchal dignity, felt that the care of a child was beneath their dignity, and considered that their domestic duties ended with supplying the house-keeping money, have gone for ever—to the public good.

They are going to let the world see that good fathers, to-day, are in the widest sense mates to their wives, understanding their problems and sharing in their job of home-making and bringing up the children.

And, as proof, they are going to point to their own organisation of fathers, a national body that is big and ever-growing—the Central Union of Fathers' Councils.

A NATIONAL organisation of fathers! How those women will laugh who have considered that mere man would never learn how to hold a baby properly, or even summon up courage to pick one up!

Yet here it is, a thriving body, and, what is more, one that actually held a very august and important conference a few weeks ago at no less a place than the London School of Tropical Medicine, where it listened to such experts as Professor F. J. Browne, of University College Hospital.

The movement began about twenty years ago when two or three London hospital doctors began to advise working-class fathers on the care of their children and their remarks fell on fruitful soil.

Those fathers made fathercraft their hobby after that. Although their babies have now grown up, and their youngest children are well above school age, they continue to interest younger men in the fascinations of child rearing.

And out of their pioneer work there have grown up fathers' committees and fathers' councils all over the country which, centralised in the Central Union of Fathers' Councils, have become a real force in the infant welfare movement.

You would travel a long way to find a happier or manlier crowd — whatever people may say about sloppiness in connection with paternal pride—than at these meetings of fathers in fifty different places throughout the kingdom.

Good-humoured, neighbourly, they hold regular meetings to debate, listen to helpful lectures or "yarn" about the manifestations and idiosyncrasies of their own infants.

They go along to the infant welfare centres that were once sacred to the feminine sex — and not only to air their knowledge about babies. They turn to with hammers and saws and make the premises more presentable. They take care of the grounds, providing the little garden paradises that every town baby deserves. They make play pens, cots, toys, equipment.

And in the depressed areas, where every other man is out of a job, it is their new-found interest in babies that has made the continuance of child welfare work on a really ambitious scale possible.

In Tyneside one club consisting entirely of unemployed men has built its own nursery school. It is an overcrowded area, and the place was urgently needed. They had no money, no tools, and only the thinnest of threadbare clothing to face weather that was fiercely adverse from the time they laid the first brick. When they had finished, their poor suits were mere rags.

The site tortured them. Not altogether skilled, they had to dig deeper and still deeper to find an elusive main sewer. Then snow filled in the holes they made.

For more than ten days they had a chasm across a street, and they had to take turn at night-watchman duties throughout the frostiest of nights—not always with well-lined stomachs.

Then they built a garden, carrying every ounce of the soil to the site themselves to turn a wilderness into a place of beauty.

Dozens of instances of that kind can be given, although admittedly not all as good as that. And yet the work of an *organised* father does not end at that.

Fathers of the organised fathers' movement keep their ears open—and help other men, too.

They learn the signs that tell when the doctor should call for his most important visit of all, or when the wife should go to the hospital or nursing home—and as to the value of that, well, any doctor will say.

THEY learn what food their wives should have. If there is abnormality, they can see their wives keep to the special rules laid down by the doctor.

Some of the fathers have actually given lectures to meetings of mothers—but not on the mysteries of holding a baby, or weaning, or cutting down from long clothes to short. They wouldn't be as presumptuous as that.

Nor does the fathers' movement exist to teach them how to take a woman's place. The mother has the job she has always had in the care of her child, and there is no reason why she should surrender any of her natural functions to her man.

No, fathercraft is a science on its own, a science that mothers and doctors are growing to bless. Even men who have taken it up nervously, "afraid what their pals will think," have found it a most fascinating subject.

They begin by looking on the new duties they assume as responsibilities, which they are. And they are soon looking on them as privileges as well.

Fathers look upon this duty as a responsibility — but later as a privilege

"THE GREATEST OF THESE"

—and then They were Robbed

"I WOULD appreciate it," writes Joan's father, for whom we appealed in our issue of May 25, "if you could insert a message of grateful thanks in your paper to the readers who so kindly assisted and made it possible for my wife, the mother of Joan, to have the change which I am sure will be so beneficial to her and bring back the health which she has so long lost."

And now what about eight-year-old Edith, whose photo we give? She is a charming little girl, "as good as gold," says her mother; "is no trouble and never murmured when she had her operation for appendicitis."

In November, 1933, Edith was admitted to hospital where she remained until February 1934. Soon after her discharge she was taken ill again, and operated upon for appendicitis. This was followed by measles, and then another period in hospital for heart trouble, and then for pneumonia. She is at home now, and goes backwards and forwards to the special school she attends by ambulance.

Her ex-Service dad, after being in hospital since February, part of the time on the danger list, suffering from toxic jaundice, is now in a convalescent home, and Edith's mother has to keep herself and the four children, the eldest a boy aged eleven, and the youngest a boy of six, on 32s. 6d a week, out of which a weekly rental of 14s. must be met. Also, as some thief was mean enough to break open the electric light meter on their landing and steal the 19s. it contained, in addition to her weekly charge for electric light she must pay 1s. a week until the loss is made good.

Edith's mother is suffering from her nerves, and though she keeps as cheerful as she can, she owns that she is at times "fed up." The gnawing problem of how to keep the children clothed and properly fed is hardly soothing to the nerves.

As Edith's father has been a good, steady worker, his job is being kept open for him, but it will be some time before he is fit. That is why we ask our readers to help by sending donations earmarked "Edith," which, as also in the case of subscriptions for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We were touched by the receipt of a postal order bearing the stamp "Quetta" from a lady whose relative, the sender of the postal order, lost her life in the earthquake.

DOGE CREAM

The New Marvellous Complexion Restorer.

"I think Doge Cream is a really remarkably fine cream; it is wonderful for the skin and keeps the complexion perfect. I shall be very happy to recommend it." — Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream and does not dry up the skin, but keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night, every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

Per Pot 1/- Large Pot 2/- Large Tube 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM. For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. Do6), 46, Bienheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

The Season's Frock

In Dainty UNCRUSHABLE ART CREPE

Sent for 1/- Deposit

Let us send you this dainty sleeveless Frock in Uncrushable Art Crepe in the newest Jubilee Spot design, with ample Cape. Note the silk hemstitching trimming the Cape, which is edged with fine pleating. This gives weight, and adds to the 'set' of the garment. A chromium brooch pins the tab in front, and the skirt is pleated at waist.

It will be forwarded upon receipt of deposit of 1/- only, and the balance of price may be settled by monthly instalments of 2/- each.

Post Coupon To-day and enjoy the feeling of being well dressed during this Jubilee Summer.

SIZES: SW. 44, 46, 48; W. 46, 48; WX. 48 inches (WX. 1/6 extra).
COLOURS: A variety of spots on backgrounds of Margaret Rose or Jubilee Blue.

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Please send me, on approval, a Model K. 411 Frock, at Present Bargain Price of 9/11. My measurements are; —

Size .....

Colour .....

I enclose 1/- deposit with 6d. postage and will remit balance of 8/11 either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- each. If not satisfied and I return the Frock at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with name (Mrs. or Miss) and full address and Postal Order crossed thus / in ink / /.

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At first he was just *'not attracted'*

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OH, HE'S MARVELLOUS. WASN'T MUCH INTERESTED IN POOR ME, THOUGH
YOU SHOULD REALLY TAKE MORE CARE OF YOUR COMPLEXION
BUT I BUY LOTS OF AWFULLY EXPENSIVE CREAMS FOR IT
THERE'S A MUCH SIMPLER AND BETTER WAY. KNIGHT'S CASTILE GIVES YOU A COUNTRY COMPLEXION
KNIGHT'S CASTILE? WELL, I'LL TRY IT
A MONTH LATER
PARDON ME BUT HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE?
WHY, IT'S JACK HARGREAVES! OF COURSE
IT WAS YOUR COUNTRY COMPLEXION I FIRST FELL IN LOVE WITH

Town air is sure to give you "tired skin" sooner or later—and then you'll never have a really fresh and attractive complexion. That's why you should always use Knight's Castile. Specially made for the face, it feeds the vital beauty glands and stimulates them gently, just as pure country air does. Call in at your chemists on your way home and start this simple beauty treatment to-night. A tablet costs only fourpence.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

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Gibbs is best for grown-ups too

Mother ran out of her usual tooth paste. "I will just use some of Ann's new box of Gibbs" she said. "How fresh it smells."

While she slept Gibbs Fairies polished her Ivory Castles and made them cleaner, brighter than ever before—*and safer.*

Which was lucky, for Giant Decay and his imps had decided to attack. But the Gibbs Fairies quickly put the horrid things to rout.

"Why, how happy and well I feel!" cried Ann's mother next morning. "And how nice my teeth look! I shall always use Gibbs Dentifrice in future."

Clean teeth make you feel *alive!* That's one of the glories of using Gibbs Dentifrice: your teeth cleaned safely, made sparkling white. Decay germs killed; your mouth refreshed and purified. The favourite of grown-ups and children alike—of dentists, too. Change to Gibbs today.

You teeth are Ivory Castles defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS.
SOLID CAKES In Tins 7½d. 1/-, 1/6. Refills 11d.
TOOTH PASTE In Tubes - - - 6d & 1/-

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A 3-FOLD GIFT

TO PROVE YOU CAN CONQUER

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If you suffer from any of these troubles, don't wonder if Eade's Pills will help you. Send for a Free Test Supply and prove their value. But not only will the proprietors of Eade's Pills send you a test supply of this famous remedy and a valuable booklet of personal help and expert advice on diet, etc., but they will also send a Free Supply of Eades Brand Anodyne for relief of local pain and stiffness.

When you have used your Free Supply of Eade's Pills and wisely decide to continue with the fine treatment they give, go to your chemist, buy your first 1/3 bottle of Eade's Pills; use up to three-quarters of the contents; if not satisfied with the result, send back to the proprietors unused supply with the wrapper, your money comes back in full. Eade's Pills are sold in two sizes by chemists everywhere, 1/3 and 3/-. Eades Brand Anodyne same price. If unable to obtain locally, send P.O. direct with order to address in coupon. Be sure you ask for the really guaranteed remedy.

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A NATIONAL ballot to decide upon the compulsory substitution of cremation for our present unhygienic system of burial.

Bodies that have suffered the ravages of horrible diseases are indiscriminately interred, often on the very hillsides that are drained in order to provide the water supplies of our great cities.

If the whole facts were placed before the public there would, I am sure, be a substantial majority in favour of the immediate abandonment of such old-fashioned and highly undesirable methods. —"*Thinker*," *West Country.*

HOMEWORK, OR NOT?

I'd like a ballot taken by parents on the vexed question of the abolition of homework for schoolchildren.

I cannot help feeling that some teachers, in their anxiety to obtain the maximum of honours for their classes, often overtax the brain-power of youthful charges and deprive them of necessary exercise.

As one who has suffered greatly from the effects of excessive study when young, I realise only too well the dire results that can easily follow from over-swotting, and believe such a ballot would end a potential danger to the health of the coming generation.—"*Student*," *Nr. Bristol.*

NOT JUSTIFIED

"Should breach of promise actions be abolished" is the ballot I'd like taken. In these days of "sex equality" it certainly seems absurd that because a couple quarrel the lady—how many men plead damages for a broken heart?—should be allowed to make capital out of it.

Not one in a hundred of the cases brought are really justified, or anything more or less than a mild form of blackmail.

The "Breach of Promise" law is just an opening for designing females of the "ungentle" school.—*K. I., Wellington.*

CONSULT THEM FIRST

It appears likely that in the near future a start will be made by the Government in its campaign to introduce compulsory gasmask drill If such compulsory measures are accepted by the civil population it is tantamount to acquiescence in the inevitability of another war.

Before the introduction of any enforced defence measures it would surely be as well to consult those to be defended, and a ballot to ascertain the nation's majority opinion on the subject should be taken.—*T. L., Littlestone.*

FAILED

Once again the Church avows that "marriage is for life," and when I look round and see so many "Darbies and Joans" I realise that I have discovered the ideal which the Church has in mind.

On the other hand, however, I see domestic strife, unwanted children, unhappy men and women tied for life to an existence that grows more hopeless with the years.

I should like to see a nation-wide ballot taken on this important subject. The result would, I am sure, astonish our clergy and their mentors, and prove that in this unbending attitude towards divorce the Church has failed its people. —*K. B., Liverpool.*

To Leave or—

"We are receiving damaged goods," said a speaker at a teachers' conference regarding under-nourished five-year-old school entrants. But this blot is nearly equalled by the throwing of fourteen-year-olds into an already overstocked labour market.

This matter of raising the school-leaving age is urgent, so why not open the issue by a ballot of parents, instead of leaving it to councillors, many of whom have no family and are thus unable to sense the tragedy of a boy, minus work, discipline, or any prospect of becoming a useful unit in the nation.—"*Servex*," *Seaham.*

MANY IMPROVEMENTS

A ballot among seafaring men as to the desirability of Trinity House taking over the maintenance of the coastal lifeboat services on this island, in conjunction with its existing control of lightships and lighthouses.

That the efficiency of apparatus used for saving the lives of shipwrecked sailors should depend solely upon a sufficiency of public donations is a matter reflecting discredit on a country which has always prided itself upon its great sea tradition.

Such a ballot would, I believe, result in the bringing about of much improvement in an honourable and very essential service.—"*Ship Lover*," *Knowle.*

HARD LOT

The result of a ballot upon "Should ponies in mines be prohibited?" would be as decisive as the recent ballot regarding Peace! The only persons who would vote against it would be those who derive financial benefit from their exploitation.

Despite the attention of H.M. Inspectors the lot of these dumb, hard-working creatures could be made much easier. Indeed, the latest method of coal-mining has proved that the pony could be completely done away with by the introduction of mechanical devices, without the loss of a single ton of coal.—"*Haulier*," *Rhondda.*

STRONG VIEWS

A ballot by Mrs. Van Der Elst on the advisability of abolishing Capital Punishment

Millions of people living in this country are holding strong views against hanging have had up to now, no official means of making known their opinions.

Were the money at present expended by the sincere woman on dramatic demonstrations diverted to finance such a vote I venture to suggest the result would place in her hands an argument no Government could long resist.—*N. W., Melksham.*

FAIR TO ALL

An old lady of seventy ran a "Private School" and "taught" her pupils as they stood round her bed. In another so-called private school a child died through lack of care.

In the interests of genuine private schools, I'd like to see a ballot taken on whether a private school should be allowed open before it has been properly inspected by the education authorities, and the teachers examined to see if they are capable of carrying out their duties.

This would be only fair in the interests of both pupils and their parents.—*J. E. K., Trent Vale.*

ARE THEY NECESSARY?

The result of this ballot might offend a few bigwigs, but it would assuredly give cause for pleasure to those thousands of people who seek diversion in the kinema.

To most kinemagoers it has long seemed utterly fatuous that Slosh-on-the-Mud should be denied seeing a film which has given pleasure to its neighbouring townsmen; or that the town-dweller should be prohibited from viewing a film enjoyed by less sophisticated villagers.

The idiosyncrasies of local film censorship are too well known to need enumerating. Let the vast film-going public decide whether it really wants or needs these local censors of films.—*D. V., Coventry.*

* * *

Every Sunday young people aimlessly walk the streets or idle about at home. I'd like to see a ballot taken to know if the public would sanction Sunday kinemas, provided that sweated labour is not involved.—*D. E., Truro.*

A ballot on the urgent need for the reform of our present electoral system by the introduction of proportional representation.—"*Lib-Lab*," *Colchester.*

One to decide whether a halt should not be made to stop the invention of labour-saving devices which cause unemployment.—*A. J., Selly Oak.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s will be paid for each letter published 2s 6d for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, July 2.

My Answer to Shaw's Riddle—and Why

(See Hannan Swaffer's "Open Letter" page)

Race with "Silver Ring"

Bahram's "Bag" to Date

THROUGH the medium of Bahram, the Aga Khan has, to date, won £33,543, and it is difficult to see what is to stop the champion three-year-old from crediting his owner with the valuable Eclipse Stakes.

The Sandown Park race is worth just under £9,500, of which the owner of the winner receives £7,184.

Bahram is proving on the racecourse that he is one of those equine wonders who is prepared to make a race with anything. He refuses to exert himself, but does sufficient to get there. Fox had to keep him up to his task at Ascot and the opposition on that occasion was very weak.

Fit and well, I daresay Bobsleigh will be the choice of some backers, but the news of Lord Derby's colt is far from reassuring.

Windsor Lad will be the principal stumbling-block. Mr. Benson's four-year-old is a smasher, but I prefer him over a longer distance than ten furlongs.

Field Trial and Fair Trial must have fair chances and the only other I would note is Mr. Edward Esmond's Pearlweed. A son of Hotweed, who won the French Derby in 1929, Pearlweed followed in the footsteps of his sire by capturing the classic at Chantilly a week or so ago.

An excellent programme has been framed for Sandown Park this week-end. I suggest Malplaquet for the valuable British Dominion T.Y.O. Plate, while Precious Pearl and Elgg may win the chief handicaps.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 27, to Wednesday, July 3.

W N 96 G E D V H J I 95 S O Y 97 L
R 98 T F 94 M P Q C 93 B A K X U Z

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 95SQWSD would read BAHRAM. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. A98K2O94W would read SNOOKER.

NEW 8-HOUR BEAUTY POWDER

Now woman's age old problem of 'skin-shine' solved by Science. By a new process—the result of years of research by French Chemists—the finest seven times silk-sifted powder is blended with Double Mousse of Cream. This process has been acquired by Tokalon. The New Poudre Tokalon is the one powder that you can apply in the morning and be free from shiny nose all day long, whatever you are doing. The one powder that gives a 'Matt-Finish' complexion of fresh girlish loveliness which neither wind, *rain nor perspiration can spoil*. Try a box to-day and see what a fascinating beauty it can give you. See how entirely *different* is the New Poudre Tokalon from all other powders, because it is the only one with the Matt-Finish secret.

Make This Amazing Test Yourself

Cover one finger with the New Poudre Tokalon; then dip your finger in a glass of water. Take it out and notice your finger is not wet and shiny but *perfectly dry and 'matt.'* The New Poudre Tokalon resists moisture because it contains 'Double Mousse of Cream.'

PILES ENDED WITHOUT SURGERY

READ OUR FREE OFFER

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful powers of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment are amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application, and effects a cure in the shortest possible time. Read what our cured patients say:—

Mr. P. H., of Cardiff, writes:—"I suffered for two years and spent pounds trying to get ease, with no result. Now, within three weeks of using the Magic Pile Cure, all pain and swelling has gone. I consider the treatment worth its weight in gold."

Mrs. F., of Kingston, says:—"The Magic Pile Cure has worked wonders with me. After suffering for six months I am now quite cured."

With the Magic Pile Cure there is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced; no harmful drugs to undermine the system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. Try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day and a complete 5/- Treatment will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.23, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

I am more than satisfied with the result of using PRACE brand TABLETS in a most difficult case of Rheumatism. Nurse E—— A—— M——. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

SPRATT'S HEALTH & BEAUTY SERIES No. 5

"And am I fit! I'm game for any fun that's going, morning, noon or night." That's the great fact about Spratt's Bonio. They keep a dog in first-class health and sparkling spirits. Made like a bone, they tempt the most biscuit-shy dog and the taste is just what a dog fancies most. Try your dog on Spratt's Bonio, and see! Buy in sealed 6d., 1/- and 2/- cartons.

SPRATT'S BONIO

The meaty bone-shaped biscuit

FREE—Spratt's "Guide to Dog Management," containing 100 pages of valuable information on the training, care and conditioning of all breeds. It will help you to give your dog the expert attention and correct feeding he deserves. Write to Spratt's Patent Ltd., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3.

BEFORE DANGER STARTS

TREAT LITTLE ACCIDENTS *QUICKLY!*

It may seem only a small cut or bruise—but the poison is there, and must be brought out quickly, before it gets a chance to spread.

Scores of thousands of mothers always keep a box of Lion Ointment in the house, as the trusty safeguard in case of accidents. Famous for 87 years, for QUICK healing; for bringing out the poison rapidly; and for the soothing way it forms new healthy skin. Safe, even for infants.

Renowned for healing: **BOILS, WHITLOWS, ABSCESSES, POISONED WOUNDS, BAD LEGS, RINGWORM, PILES, etc., etc.**

From Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box; or direct from Edwin Burgess, Ltd., 59, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

LION OINTMENT 1/3

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

LOIS A beautiful gown in plain Artificial Silk Phantom Crepe in a variety of attractive shades, including Marina Green, Turf Green, Brown, Navy; also Black. The dress is tastefully cut and has a pretty cowl collar fitted with a diamante clip, and button-trimmed strapping with epaulet frills on the left shoulder in a contrasting colour. The sleeves have elbow frills to match, whilst the skirt is cut on the cross, and has a self material tie with bow at the back. Sizes: S.S.W. to W. Busts: 32 to 36in. Lengths: 46 to 50in. **23/6**

Terms: 2/- Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Coats, Furs, Underwear, Robes, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and all particulars will be sent to you per return of post.

3/- Monthly

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Phensic

BRAND TABLETS

will cure your HEADACHES

without endangering YOUR HEART

Phensic is used by Doctors, Nurses and Hospitals throughout the country.

QUICKEST, SAFEST for ALL NERVE & RHEUMATIC PAINS

Sold Everywhere 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

"Now I've got a real bicycle"

RUDGE WHITWORTH

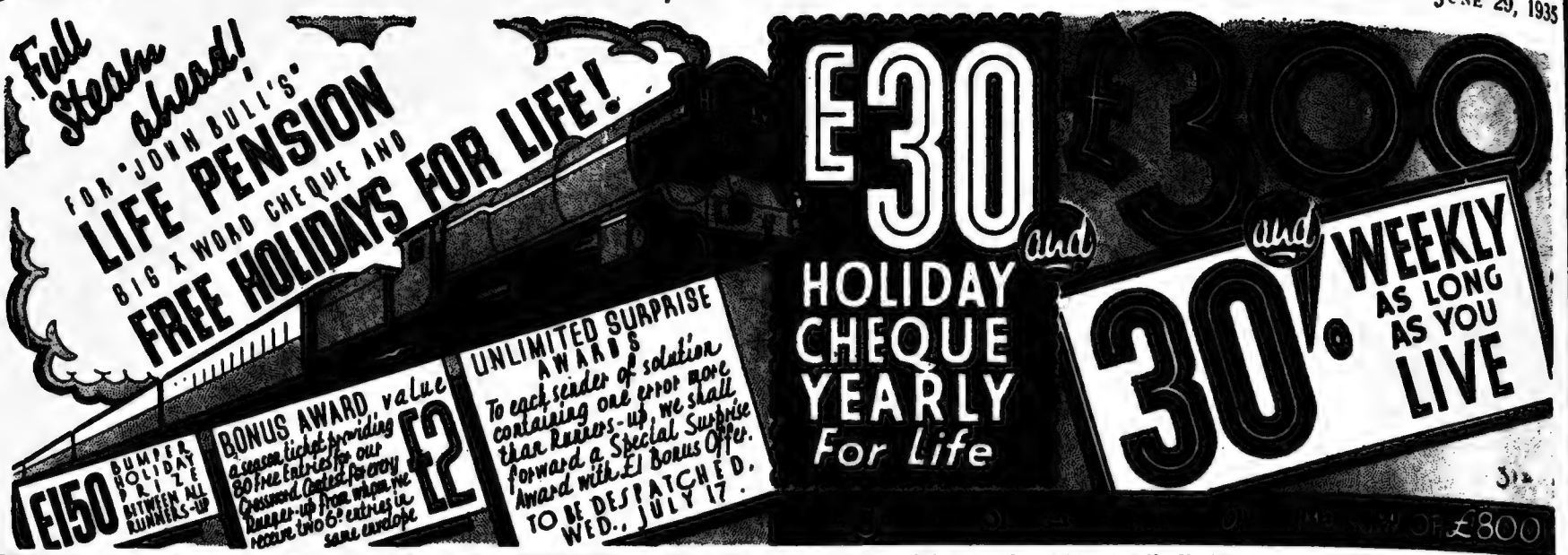
THE PEDIGREE BICYCLE

DELICIOUS & REFRESHING

ACIDOES

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NUTTALLS MINTOLS

WORTH RUNNING FOR 4d.


Full Steam ahead!
FOR "JOHN BULL'S" BIG X WORD CHEQUE AND
LIFE PENSION
FREE HOLIDAYS FOR LIFE!
£30 and £300
HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY For Life
30/- and £800
WEEKLY AS LONG AS YOU LIVE
£150 BUMPER HOLIDAY PRIZE BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP
BONUS AWARD value £2
a season ticket providing 80 free entries for our Crossword Contests for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in same envelope
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer.
TO BE DESPATCHED WED., JULY 17.

EVEN after weeks of careful saving, are you able to find enough money for an ideal holiday by the sea? How differently you could solve that problem if "John Bull" came along with a £30 Holiday Cheque to meet all expenses—and promise to do the same next year, the year afterwards and every summer for the rest of your life!

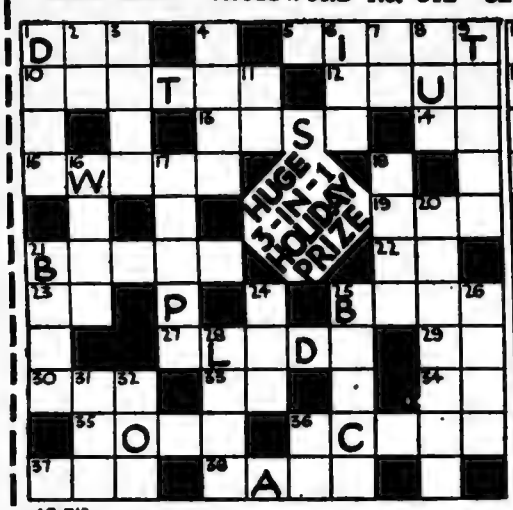
For an outright winner in this week's Crossword there is even more than this succession of free yearly holidays. That lasting prize, you will see, is linked with an immediate payment of £300 cash—and the winner is also to become a Crossword Life Pensioner with a weekly income of 30s. from "John Bull."

RECORD HOLIDAY OFFER COMING!

Success can only be yours if your squares are in by noon on Thursday, July 4; you have time to win, but none to loose, so start on the puzzle now.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30s. a week, £300 in cash and a Holiday Cheque yearly of £30 (or a lump sum of £800) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contests will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 11, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 18.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 312—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1935



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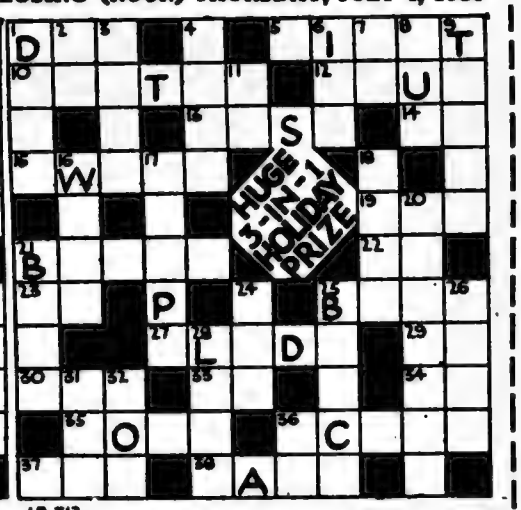


J-B-312

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value ..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

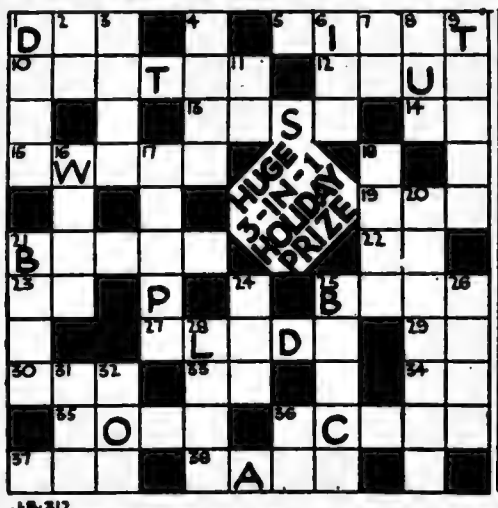
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 312—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1935



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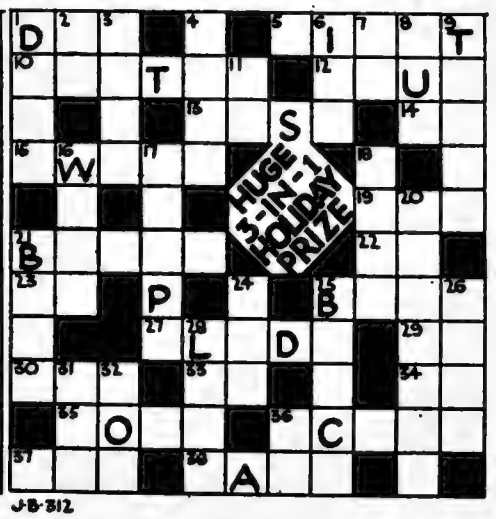


J-B-312

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value ..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "John Bull" Crossword No. 312, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp).

ACCEPT FREE X-WORD HELP! Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address, Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 310.

Winners in Crossword No. 309 appear in page 2. Winners in Crossword No. 310 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 310 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

J-B-310

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

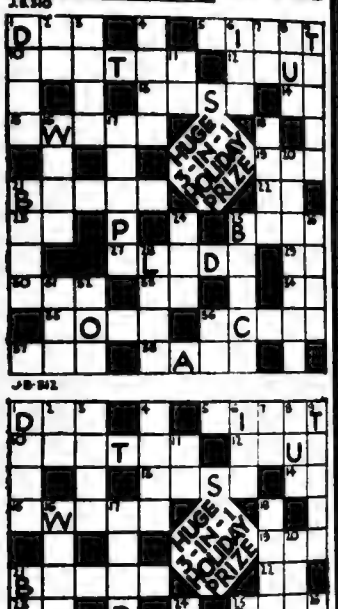
STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Seen glistening on the grass
5. What poor man has to secure justice
10. Made one
12. Detective seeks with microscope
13. He flew through the air with the greatest of this
14. Remove end of tap and leave what baby says
15. Scotland lies North of this river
19. May be either man or beast
21. Adds brightness to the country scene
22. These letters stand for what makes boxer fall
23. Cut first slice from ham and use what's over
25. It gets narrower at one end
27. Dodge neatly
29. Half diet
30. Announces house is no longer tenantless
33. Wits are out when wine's this
34. Centre of pipe
35. Old one usually goes down well
36. They'll yield in the hands of an expert
37. It's hard for farmer to make this in bad ye thin
38. Is put into whisky and made for last train

DOWN

1. Brings tears to one's eyes
2. Men cut down in tent
3. Gets secrets out of many a man
4. Good one, however small, will eventua' / produce result
6. Eskimo's used to it, but can't buy oil
7. Stand at each end of goal
8. Useful on beach for undressing
9. Women's are surprisingly effective
11. Half dawn and nearly all day
16. Big mangling job makes henpeck feel this
17. Run away for marriage
18. You'll sometimes see ornamentation in centre of this
20. An old one never dies
21. Cricketer aims at sending it flying
24. It becomes light when it rises
25. Bye-laws sometimes affect those who sit on this
26. Women are often extravagant over these
28. Told untruths
31. This age in crosswords is very old
32. Something to play with
36. Small serpent in case, with tail off



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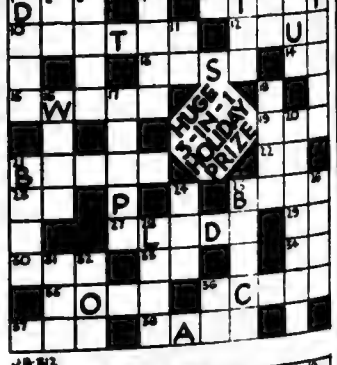

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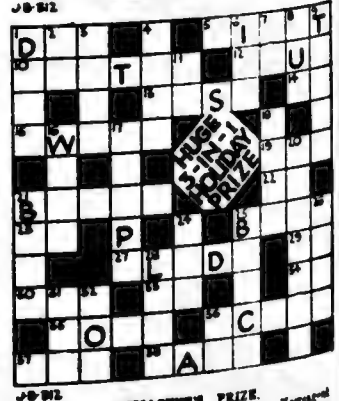


J-B-312

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it '& Co.'; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, July 4, 1935.

2.—**In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."**

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 18, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 30, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £800 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

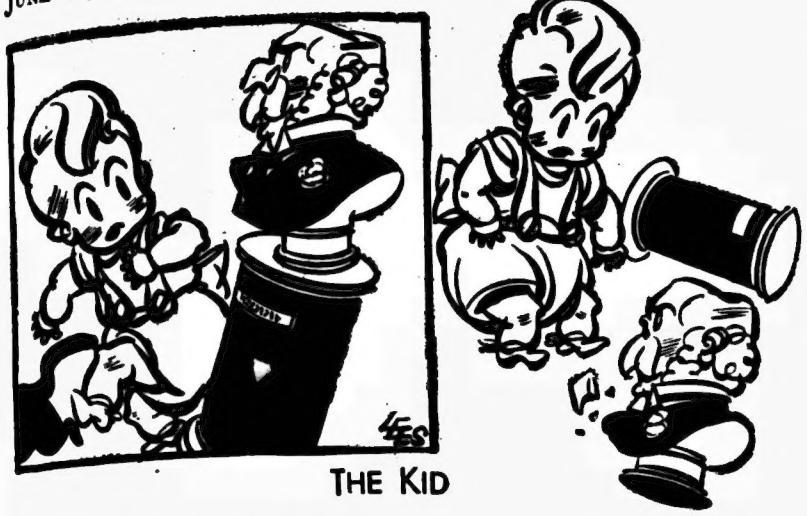
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull."



THE KID

THE Editor Laughs Last

DAISY (Leeds).—"After choosing the flat, there comes the rent." And after the rent comes the landlord.

GO AHEAD (Egham).—"Where can you find people to-day who are content to take a back seat?" At the pictures.

S. C. (Scarborough).—"If a young man sees a girl in an apron he is safe in one conclusion." She didn't see him coming.

T. M. (Dublin).—"When I went to caress my neighbour's dog it bit me." That was a stroke of bad luck.

P. L. (Chatham).—"I hate to be in the car when my wife is at the wheel, for I can never understand what she is doing." You do not know what she is driving at?

TRAVELLER (London, E.C.).—"When the savages caught me I feigned insanity and they let me go—hurriedly." So there was method in your madness.

ECONOMY (Helston).—"There is one particular purpose that old safety-razor blades come in handy for in these hard times." Shaving?

H. A. S. (Twickenham).—"Five years ago the doctor was very keen to amputate my leg, but I objected vigorously." So it didn't come off.

T. B. (Ealing).—"His antics during the tennis match kept us in roars of laughter." Quite a modern court jester, in other words.

L. B. (Gt. Yarmouth).—"I advise every father to buy his son a mapping pen. His work will improve greatly." That's fine.

H. A. R. (Bristol).—"My wife's only complaint is that she has had her dresses too long." She can easily shorten them then.

D. R. (St. Neots).—"A firm of match makers has just paid me for a poster advertising their matches." A striking design, then.

R. N. (Eastcheap).—"I had to take an oath of secrecy when I joined my firm, and I am wondering if everything is above board." You never can tell.

GOLF INSTRUCTOR (Surrey).—"I find that most writers and journalists have a very peculiar style at golf." You mean it's a great deal out of the common?

J. N. (Edinburgh).—"My husband was a real comic when I first met him, but now rarely smiles." He had no woes in all the world until you came?

MRS. C. (Sutton).—"You can't tell a servant nowadays by what she wears." Many mistresses, however, are now locking their wardrobes.

R. S. (Ealing).—"When the weather is chilly prices go up, but as soon as it gets warmer everything starts to go down." Our thermometer begs to differ.

COUNTRY LAD (Bude).—"What do you do in your stuffy London office when the temperature is over 80 in the shade?" Perspire, my boy, perspire.

R. S. (Leicester).—"We couldn't decide who was to be our wicket-keeper for our charity match, so it was put to the vote." You held a bye-election?

W. T. (Colnbrook).—"I believe a well-to-do relative is going to endow me with a hundred pounds." You are taking it for granted.

CLERK (Hornsey).—"Would it be possible for me to find work in Whitehall?" Well, it's just possible you might find someone doing a bit between eleven and twelve.

A. G. L. (Burton-on-Trent).—"Although the clothes-pin was on a very high part of the rope, my wife would not allow me to reach up for it." Well, no woman likes her husband to take her down a peg.

MRS. A. (Leigh-on-Sea).—"When out shopping the other morning I couldn't remember the number of the house or even the road where I live!" Many men have the same difficulty—but usually at night.

George (S.E.)—"Is there any harm in a fellow dropping an "h"? Yes, if there's anyone underneath when he drops it.

A. T. (Chesham).—"The perfect house is one in which every chamber inspires confidence." No room for doubt, in fact.

CAPTAIN (Truro).—"My team of cricketers has won quite a reputation for its fine fielding." Not many slips then.

GOLFER (Sandwich).—"The story of my round was an eye-opener to most of those present at the clubhouse." So many golfing yarns have just the opposite effect.

PUZZLED (Niton).—"When he patted me on the back and greeted me by name I didn't remember him at all." Yet he was familiar to you.

MOTORIST (Penge).—"I'm never happier than when I'm at the wheel of my car." Unless, of course, it happens to be one that needs changing.

G. H. (Cromer).—"At a recent fancy dress competition, one of the ladies wore a frock made entirely from pages of old magazines." Most of the other ladies, however, had used leaves from their husbands' cheque books for theirs!

PSYCHOLOGIST (Dundee).—"Clever chess players are very trustworthy people." Naturally, they are usually on the square.

PATER (Welwick).—"My son is now six inches taller than his poor old dad——" And *you* now wear his trousers cut down?

SECOND (Blackfriars).—"My instructions were to attend to the sparring partners who were knocked out by the champion." And you carried them out?

S. P. (Plumstead).—"I've been searching all over London for a person who cut one of my paintings out of its frame." You've had your work cut out?

CIRCUS PROPRIETOR (Bristol). — "A tight-rope walker I have engaged used an elastic rope, studded with needles, to walk along." He has an entirely new line.

THRILLER (Wormley).—"The position of the moon provides the key to the mystery." And then the reader sees daylight?

SHEEPSHEARER (Exeter).—"Some people think that men of our calling are at times absent-minded." Well, you must admit that you go wool-gathering.

S. T. (Ealing).—"When we were touring on the Continent we came upon one hill so steep that we had to turn round and go up in reverse." It got your back up.

N. H. (Ryde).—"When my son knows I have won a large sum by betting, he will probably hold up his hands in horror." And, later on, hold them out?

SPORTSMAN (Horley).—"Does a professional cricketer get anything when he knocks the ball out of the ground?" Yes, six.

JIM (Carlisle).—"Some people can't make money go far enough, but that's not my trouble." You can't make it come near enough?

CLERK (City).—"What is to prevent a sedentary worker like myself enjoying a hiking tour every week-end?" The distance between the milestones.

HOTEL MANAGER (West End).—"Chefs are generally very ready to fly into a rage." We've often heard of cookers exploding.

J. S. W. (Southampton).—"Can you suggest an ideal honeymoon for a young couple of modest means?" Yes—a Millionaire's World Cruise for Two in s.s. *Empress of Britain*. With the £1,000 fortune and £6 weekly pension which accompanies this *Bullets* prize on pages 38 and 39, your life should be one long honeymoon.

REFORMER (Liverpool).—"Despair comes to a prisoner when he realises the hopelessness of trying to escape." He just doesn't see a way out.

SEPTUAGENARIAN (Hounslow). — "Soon after I was born the ceiling collapsed and fell with a crash, which frightened my mother and me." You had a good start in life.

A. J. (Bath).—"Does a girl learn anything about motor driving from careering around the countryside on the pillion seat of a motor-cycle?" Yes; the importance of the clutch.

H. W. (Cheriton).—"He hoped his second marriage would be more successful than the first, but it wasn't." He took her for better, but apparently she was worse.

A. M. (Devonport).—"When my money began to run short through continuous unemployment I joined the submarine service." So that you could keep your head above water?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Acute Pains in the Back!

SHARP OR NAGGING pains in the small of the back, urinary disorders, interrupted sleep, sciatica and rheumatism make life a burden. Plainly there is urgent need for Doans Backache Kidney Pills. You cannot expect to be well so long as poisonous impurities continue to collect in the system. Doans Pills give quick, soothing relief and help to wash out the tiny kidney tubes whose filtering action is so vital to your health.

"Every Picture tells a Story."

"Off Work for Weeks"

Mr. W. E. Bloore, 2a, Carlisle Street, Longton, Staffs, says:—"I have been off work for weeks at a time with lumbago, quite helpless and in agony. The urinary excretions were disordered, containing sediment and causing pain.

"For seven years the trouble continued; medicine seemed unable to help. But Doans Backache Kidney Pills got me on my feet again. I am in the best of health now, and I attribute this to Doans Pills.

(Signed) W. E. Bloore."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon

Doans BRAND **Backache Kidney Pills**

Obstinate SKIN TROUBLE Can be overcome

Evidence has been pouring in for 25 years. Painful disorders, which defy ordinary treatment, yield quickly to Germolene. Here's an instance:—

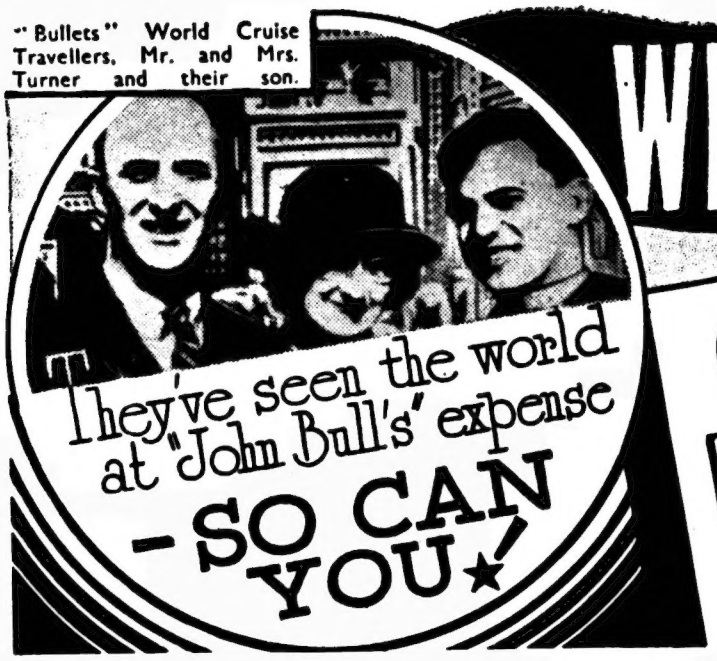
Mr. S., of London, S.E.17, writes:—*"I have been ill three months with Dermatitis and thought I should have gone made with pain and itching. Under treatment I got no better. I tried Germolene and in 20 minutes was out of pain and have got on fine."*

FOR ALL SORES, ULCERS, BAD LEGS, RASH, PILES, CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, Etc.

13.3 and 12 Tubes 4.6

Germolene BRAND

ASEPTIC OINTMENT



WIN A HUGE PENSION.

£6 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

RECORD 3-IN-1 "BULLETS"

"TAKE your family round the World, accept a Fortune of £1,000 and enjoy a staggering Life Pension of £6 a week!"—that will be the staggering invitation which JOHN BULL will telegraph on Friday, July 26, to the sender of the best *Bullet* in the record Holiday Offer before you in these pages.

Yes, in return for a few carefully chosen words you can become rich, achieve independence and embark on a glorious 29,650-mile World Cruise in the famous s.s. *Empress of Britain*. If desired, your two children under ten, or one over this age, may be taken on this Wonder Voyage at JOHN BULL'S expense.

On pages 22, 24 and below you will read the third absorbing instalment of the World Cruise Diary written by Mr. C H. Turner; he and his wife composed the effort which heads the list of huge prize-winning *Bullets* in the next columns. Before they put together that telling effort, neither Mrs. Turner nor her husband had won more than a few shillings in *Bullets*. There is no reason, therefore, why you should not capture to-day's even greater Midsummer First.

Study the simple instructions in adjoining columns and make sure that your entry reaches JOHN BULL by Saturday, July 13. The thrilling sequel may be that First Prize wire on Friday, July 26, sending you sailing round the World with your family, secure in the knowledge that you have £1,000 cash in your bank account and a big income for life.

HOW TO WIN THIS MIGHTY PRIZE.

OPEN your attack on *Bullets* Record Midsummer prize-list by reading slowly through the *Examples* provided, jotting down the rough ideas they suggest and so gathering the raw material for your efforts.

Now for the cutting and polishing process. Take each of your rough notes in turn and compress its meaning into TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked to the chosen *Example*.

Thus, against the *Example* ON THE EMBANKMENT, you might jot down the rough idea *Pity Some Members Aren't*. A few minutes spent on improving the phrasing and you could easily improve that rough thought into the finished *Bullet* ON THE EMBANKMENT—"SEATS" SOME MEMBERS DESERVE.

To help you further, we recall below a series of *Bullets* which have won a huge First Prize, any of which you could have made up by the method just outlined:—

TERROR OF TO-MORROW—RUSTY "TANK'S" GRIM WARNING.
TERRIBLE BLOW—THEN KINDNESS "STAGGERED" US.
PITY—DON'T HIDE—DON'T SEEK!
FOR SERVICES RENDERED—KING "PINNED ON CROSS."
MAN IN A BATH-CHAIR—"WALKS" IN "MEMORY'S GARDEN."
A HIGHWAYMAN—PESSIMISM—HOLD *Yourself* UP!

After studying these successful styles closely, begin putting together those few simple words which may win you the First Prize of your dreams! Enter your efforts by Saturday July 13.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

TAKE CARE, BRITANNIA
IF GOVERNMENT HURRIES
WAR IS MADNESS, SO
WHY LIFE'S LIKE CRICKET
ARMAMENTS FACTORY
WONDERFUL WEATHER
WHEN FATHER'S BOSS
SHOCK FOR THE WORLD
CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM
THANKS TO HER MOTHER
ON THE EMBANKMENT
SHOWS HE'S NOT HONEST
TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP
HUMANITY'S LIGHTHOUSE
WITH TEARS IN HER EYES
ONLY TO BE EXPECTED
CRIPPLED
PAYING GAME
HOLIDAY GIRL
LATE HOME
WITHOUT WIFEY
RICH REWARD
FOR BABY
CERTAIN DEATH
BETTER WAY
CLEVER DOCTOR
"YOU FOOL!"
GOING AWAY
BLUNT WORDS
WAGES
AGAINST HER
FROM A TO Z
WORK OF YEARS
MANAGER BALDWIN
TO CLEAR HIS NAME
WORTH THE MONEY
AWKWARD SUBJECT
RUSH FOR SHELTER
SEASIDE ROMANCE
IN HITLER'S GARDEN
HAPPY HUSBAND
WHY SHE STOPPED
JUSTICE DEMANDS
PAT ON THE BACK
IF HE GETS TIME
MAN IN A GAS-MASK
FRIENDLY SMILE
HEALTHIER NATION

Round the World on a 'Bullet'

Continued from page 24

grating covered with coloured prayer threads from women desiring children.

It begins to rain, and my wife and I take a taxi to the principal shopping street, where we buy a very nice pigskin trunk at what would be an absurd price in England, to replace one smashed at Monaco.

Tuesday, April 16: Having motored to Odawara, we enter cars and drive through the most exquisite mountain scenery it is possible to imagine.

The mountains close in on every side. The lowering clouds hide the summits, but most of them are covered with pine forests and are of the sharp conical shape one sees depicted on Japanese vases and plates.

Here and there we pass Japanese trudging through the rain. All carry the ubiquitous Japanese paper umbrella.

Our Travellers' room in their floating hotel.

At 1,300 ft. we are at Miyanoshita, a little paradise. Three waterfalls tumble down into a pool in which huge gold and silver fish disport themselves.

Wife and I go into the village to see some of the long-tailed cocks for which this place is world-famous.

We see several, one with a tail over 25 ft. in length.

Each morning the birds are exercised, and have one or more attendants to hold up their tails whilst they take a walk. They are said to be bred at no other place in the world.

Not only does a hotel attendant direct us to the shop, but, as it is raining, insists on personally conducting us there, holding an umbrella over our heads. Later he disappeared without expecting any tip.

The proprietor of the hotel is celebrated not only for his courtesy and the perfection of his hotel, but as having the longest moustache in Japan!

Wednesday, April 17: After, we go to see Fujiyama and the sacred lake, unfortunately obscured by clouds and mist. We take cars down to the shores of Lake Hakone.

We pass, *en route* for Yokohama, through Osaka, an important manufacturing city, but to outward appearances dirty and squalid, and so begin an eight-day run across the Pacific to—Honolulu!

NEXT WEEK.—Concluding instalment, with story of cattle that swim across the sea to market at Panama, impressions of America and return home.

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 986

First Prize - £500, Saloon Car, £20 Holiday Cheque Yearly, Jubilee Review Cruise and Surprise Award—or £750 Cash.

L. CRAKER, 14, Melbourne Way, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.
Example: WIPED AWAY
Bullet: COUNTRYSIDE—JERRYBUILDER'S "DUD SHELLS."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

W. MOYLE, 38, Turner Road, Cardiff.
Example: Youth v. Age
Bullet: "On!" v. "No!"

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. N. BOURNE, 57, Macclesfield Street, Bursiem.
Example: When Father Plays
Bullet: Violin, Neighbour Returns Oil-can!

10 OF £5 EACH,

D. ACKROYD, 45, Selbourne Grove, Keighley, Yorks.
Death And Destruction—Had "Reign"—"Crown" Peace.

P. BOYLE, 77, Tunstall Lane, Pemberton, Wigan.
Wiped Away—Petty Ills—"Pet" Ill.

H. COMMANDER, 1,119, Yardley Wood Road, Birmingham.
Packing—Trunks Easy—Wallet, Struggle.

A. GORST, Alvanley Terrace, Frodsham, Warrington.
Ideal Holiday—Lovely Surroundings—Love Surrounding.

G. HAMILTON, 14, Priory Place, Perth.
In The Days Of Old—Dobbin, "Smith" *Wasn't* Idle.

F. PEARSON, 27, Rockery Road, Bristol.
His Pipe—Slippers—Paper—Fire—June!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Sgt. H. PRICE, Drill Hall, Old Bedford Road, Luton.
In The Days Of Old—The Family "Meant More."

Mrs. S. A. TURNER, 20, Hill Top Mount, Leeds.
Iron Discipline—Beaten By "England Expects——"

H. VALENTINE, Crampmoor, Romsey, Hants.
Youth v. Age—Severe Reverse Reverses "Versus"

W. WILSON, 56, General Graham Street, Sunderland.
Youth v. Age—Youth's Lost In Whining!

10 OF £2 10s. EACH:

J. LAWRENSON, Cases Lane, Whiston, Prescot, Lancs.
Another Record—Holding One. Five Minutes!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

W. W. LEWIS, 41, Briarbank Terrace, Edinburgh.
Packing—Awkward—"Little String" Around.

Mrs. A. MATTHEWS, 2, Perry Street, Maidstone.
Upset The Conductor—Auntie's "Tonnage"—Then Pound!

E. PALMER, (Flat 1), 23, Salisbury Road, Hove.
Not Convincing—Hitler's "Halo And "Wings."

P. S. PUNTIS, 43, Horsea Road, Portsmouth.
Another Record—"Smashed"—Dart Shattered Slate.

H. READ, 20, Hill Drive, London, N.W.
Stumped—Roosevelt—By The "Umpires."

J. T. SEDDON, 1a, Manchester Road, Wigan.
When Britain Looks Up—She'll "See Stork" Oftener.

Mrs. E. WHITE, 30, Havering Road, Romford.
Iron Discipline—"Girder" In Germany's "Reconstruction."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. WILLIAMS, 74, Boycroft Avenue, London, N.W.
Stunned Him—Postmistress—"That Gun Licensed?"

G. E. WRIGHT, "Elmora," Sunderland Road, Gilesgate, Durham.
"I Told You So!"—Says Mother. *Repairing* Damage.

A list of 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."
ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

TAKE YOUR FAMILY ROUND THE WORLD!

FORTUNE and WORLD CRUISE for a few words

with £1,000 Cash plus

HOLIDAY PRIZE MUST BE WON - OR ONE

FAMILY WORLD CRUISE

in Millionaire Luxury aboard

S.S. "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"

as just enjoyed by Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Turner and their son, completing "Bullets" First Prize of £5 weekly for life, £1,000 and Family World Cruise won in "Bullets": No. 942 by Mrs. Turner.

29,650 MILES IN BRITAIN'S FINEST LUXURY LINER

France, Italy, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Siam, Philippine Islands, China, Japan, Hawaii, San Francisco, Hollywood, Panama Canal, Havana, New York—see them all at "John Bull's" expense on the next World Cruise of s.s. "Empress of Britain"—Winner's two children under 10, or one of 10 or over, may be taken on voyage.

HUGE LUMP SUM OF £3,250

Don't miss your share of this...

£250 CONTINUITY BONUS

Enter for this World Cruise Contest, No. 990, and for Huge Holiday Offer, No. 991, to follow; if you win any of the 50 chief prizes in latter contest, you will thus qualify for an extra £5 Continuity Bonus.

100 OTHER BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES

£200	£100		
£50	£25	£20	£18
£16	£14	£12	£10
£9·10s	£9	£8·10s	
£8	£7·10s	£7	
£6·10s	£6	£5·10s	
£5	80 of £2·10s		

500 of 2/6 · 2,000 "Red Seal" · 10,000 "Targets"

Closing Sat. July 13 – First Prize Wire, July 26

EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
(990) Closing SAT. July 13.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address	

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
(990) Closing SAT. July 13.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address	

Enter Name and Full Address on each Coupon.

EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
(990) Closing SAT. July 13.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address	

Cut out each Coupon separately.

EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
(990) Closing SAT. July 13.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address	

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.—See Entry Fee notice.

FREE COUPON FOR "BULLETS" No. 990

THIS COUPON, if enclosed with four or more entry-paid (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 990, all bearing same name and address and enclosed in one envelope, enables you to submit two World Cruise *Bullets* ENTIRELY FREE.

EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
IMPORTANT	This Gift Coupon is valid only as above and must be enclosed with four or more entry-paid or prize coupons, all enclosed in one envelope and bearing same name and address. Signature constitutes agreement to Rules and Conditions in "John Bull."	Signed ..... Address	

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First-prize Winner in Competition No. 985 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, South Street, Dorchester.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 990 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY FEE

With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
" 2 Coupons " " " 1s.
" 3 " " " " 1s. 6d.
" 4 " " " " 2s.*

(* Enables sender to use GIFT COUPON)

Extra efforts may be entered on plain paper at the rate of 6d. per pair—and one free pair is allowed in this contest for each four 6d. entries.

Address Entry to:—

**"BULLETS" No. 990,
"John Bull," Long Acre,
London, W.C.2
(Comp.)**

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using Shavex all over the world. Beware of Imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH and USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time.

We guarantee that one can have a perfect shave in two minutes with Shavex.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect Shave.

Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave.

When asking your Chemist for Shavex, ask for the Magnificent Outfit, including a Silver-plated Razor with Six Blades, for 1/-. Usual price 2/6.

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.

If grass is laying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave. Always give Shavex a fair trial with a good razor Blade and there is none better than the Shavex Blade which is the most perfect Blade on the market. These blades originally 4d. each are now reduced to 2d.

Doctor: "Good heavens, my boy! What has happened to you—why, you won't want me to see you any more, you look splendid this morning and as fresh as a daisy."

Patient: "Why, Doctor, I feel exactly as you say, splendid, and as fresh as a daisy. I sent for a tube of Shavex and the wonderful shave I have just had has made me feel so well. It was so easy for me to shave, no lathering my face with a soapy brush, just a smear of Shavex Cream and I couldn't feel the razor going over my face, and in two minutes I had the most perfect shave of my life."

Doctor: "Why, by George, Shavex are certainly most up-to-date people: I am going for a holiday and I shall certainly take a tube with me."

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
for FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL, CO., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL

costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL

costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Jack: "You are really the most glorious creature under the sun, Neda, and I am not the only one who thinks so. All the evening people have been gazing up at our box looking at you."

Neda: "You are most ridiculous, you know I am no longer young. Many think I am only 26, but I shall be 44 next month. I study the soap I use. All my life I have only used cream to cleanse my face. The ordinary soap has a lot of soda, so I found a marvellous soap called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is perfect for my skin. It is composed of Almond Oil, and I should advise you, Jack, to use it yourself. It is not 5/- per tablet—only 6d. and has a most delightful perfume, and this is the secret of my perfect complexion that you admire so much."

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

SPA-SEL SALTS

The Regenerator of the Human Body

SPA-SEL is one of the most perfect SALTS that can be taken to purify the Blood, cleanse the kidneys, tone up the liver and keep the stomach in a perfect condition.

All acids are eliminated and no one can have Rheumatism, Arthritis, etc., with Spa-sel. All Toxine Poisoning is washed away from the system. It is the most perfect remedy ever known and the result is RADIANT HEALTH and the Skin looking perfect. To keep young, and keep old age at bay, there is nothing more wonderful than Spa-sel Salts.

In Bottles at 9D. and 1/6

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SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. A.3), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

How horrible I feel. I feel I am getting older every day; it seems Rheumatism has got into every joint and I am getting stouter too, and I am still only a young man. Two years ago I played every kind of sport. I must do something—I seem to feel my heart getting affected.

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